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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JUNE 1918

Three Poems — D. H. Lawrence
The Character of Totality of Artistic Expression — Benedetto Croce (Translated by Douglas Ainslie)
An Ulster Farm — Forrest Reid
Truth's Welcome Home — Edward Garnett
The Garden of Love — Alexander Pym
Soldier Poets (i) — T. Sturge Moore
The "Free" Woman — Popina
Landscape — Iseult Gonne
The Room of Revelation — Margaret Bell
Musical Notes — Edwin Evans

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Religion of the Russian Revolution — Lancelot Lawton
A Problem in Education (i) — Clemence Dane
"Get on with the War" — Austin Harrison
Books

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These delightful and useful Scarves, now so much in demand, fill a decided want and are our own exclusive design. They are suitable for wearing on all manner of occasions. Made from soft and fleecy alpaca wool, they have that beautifully silky feeling so much appreciated. Stocked in a wide range of mixture colourings as shown, also in other designs.

Price

63/-

Alpaca Woollen Scarves in smaller size and self colours from **17/6**

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

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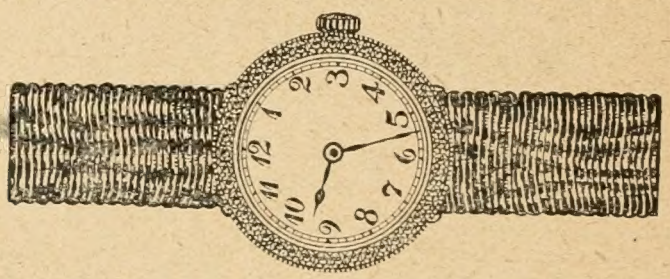
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value

The Wrist Watch—Practical & Beautiful

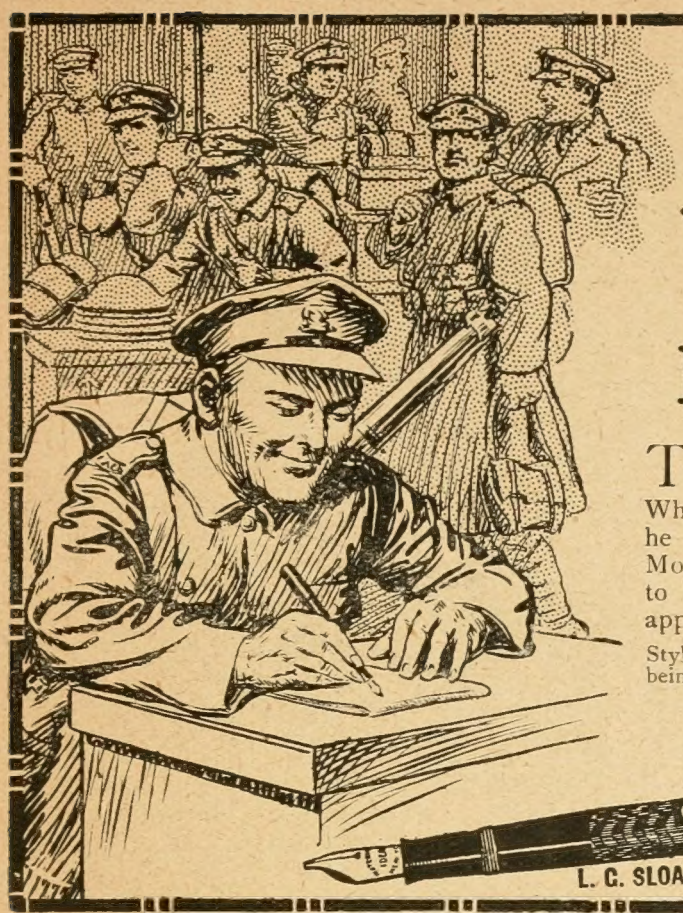
¶ Since its introduction the wrist watch has gone through many phases, and it is quite a revelation to see what novelties in watches have been designed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112 Regent Street. Some of the daintiest of these are very tiny and set with diamonds—a luxury for the practical woman worker, perhaps, but a choice gift for a war bride. And as June is the month of brides, and some kind friends may be seeking inspiration, it might be well to advise them to call at the showrooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company to see the choice and varied selection of watches which can be had from the plainest, simplest style in silver. The beautiful little model which we illustrate is a gift worth having, with its diamond circle set in



palladium, and the price, £20, is moderate for its quality. It is attached to the moiré wrist strap, which is the most fashionable of all straps now. A smaller watch similar to this can be had at £25. There are dainty little gold watches on moiré straps from five guineas, and various fancy shapes at £10. The same designs can be had in silver watches—the plain round shape on ribbon from £2 5*s*. up to £5 to £6, and fancy styles square and oblong. But the watch of all watches most in demand at the moment, not only for men but for women also, is the military service watch, with its luminous dial. The special military pattern of which thousands and thousands have been sold is known as the military luminous screen case, dust and damp proof, at £3 15*s*. The same watch, with full hunter cover for protection, is £4 5*s*., and with half-hunter cover £4 12*s*. 6*d*. This watch is also made in a smaller size for W.A.A.C.'s and W.R.N.S. at £4. There are fancy shapes in luminous watches, too, so that the young sub. who likes to be fashionable can indulge his fancy; but the seasoned military man chooses the practical kind every time. There is one other watch, which has been specially made with a large centre seconds hand, at £5, for doctors and nurses, and everyone knows that the best value is always obtainable at the renowned house at 112 Regent Street.

The Army "Swan."

¶ A W.A.A.C., writing from France, says: "I find the 'Swan' is the best means of meeting my writing obligations promptly, easily, and neatly. Nowadays everybody is waiting for letters. One cannot depend on indifferent supplies of pen and ink. So I always carry my own gold-nibbed 'Swan' fount pen. It does the work



An "Au Revoir" with "Her Parting Gift."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

TILL they meet again this beautiful pen will keep them in touch with one another. Whenever he gets the opportunity to write he will have the means at hand to do so. Moreover it will be a daily encouragement to him to write. Can you imagine a more appropriate gift for friend on Active Service?

Styles specially recommended for Active Service, being extra strong and large: No. 44 (Self-Filler) 20/-; No. 54 (Safety) 20/-

Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd. The Pen Corner Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

At Home or at the Front

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

In Three Strengths **10½D.** PER OZ.

A Perfect Blend of Smoking Tobaccos
Gold Medal awarded, Edinburgh, 1886

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

Manufacturers of "ORCHESTRA"
HIGH-CLASS VIRGINIAN CIGARETTES

B 269

with less trouble in record time. It took me half an hour to select exactly the right nib. Now I can't write with anything else." This is only one of many W.A.A.C.'s and W.R.N.S. who find the trusty "Swan" as invaluable as the soldiers do, and since the women entered the "ranks" the "Swan" has been in greater demand than ever. One has only to try the old method of pen and ink writing to realise what an absolute revolution the fountain pen has been. It has made writing a delight and a pleasure, and no man or woman would willingly be without a "Swan," especially as it is still obtainable at pre-war prices, the safety pattern from 12*s.* 6*d.*, and the standard pattern from half a guinea. The "Swan" pen has no valves or levers to adjust, nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable it can be loaded with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water.

Frocks for Summer Wear

¶ There are plenty of pretty and inexpensive fabrics for making up summer frocks. Voile, zephyr, pique may be mentioned as especially suitable for morning wear as good wearing and good washing materials. But there are occasions when a more elaborate frock is wanted, such, for instance, as crêpe de Chine, and some of the most charming dresses in this material are being specially designed and made for summer wear by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, W. These frocks are simple, and, consequently, most effective, thoroughly practical for town or country wear in a good quality washing crêpe de Chine in various coloured stripes on a white ground, faced at collar, revers, pockets, and cuffs with plain material, and they are priced at six and a half guineas. A loose-fitting frock has a dozen uses in these times of strict economies, and the rest-gown is quite dainty enough for an afternoon frock or a dinner gown. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are making up a delightful range of fancy striped voiles into practical rest frocks at 49*s.* 6*d.* in various pretty designs. Cream grounds with clear blue, mauve, sand, cherry, and other shades are used with facings of plain materials to tone, put on by hand stitching, and the result is a charming and practical garment convertible to many uses.

[*Supplement continued on page* 6.

For nursing mothers.

BENGER'S Food for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED.

War Measures!

Owing to Military, Hospital, etc. demands, there is a temporary reduction in supplies for civilian use.

Any persons experiencing difficulty in obtaining necessary supplies are asked to take this announcement to the shop they usually deal with

Chemists, etc. are informed that the wholesale will assist by giving priority to doctors' urgent requests.

The public are requested to order only what is necessary.

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Manchester.

238

"A Place for Everything

—and everything in its place." Applied to fuel utilisation the old adage points a plain moral.

Coal is not in its right place—generally speaking—in factory furnace or domestic grate. Consumed under such conditions half its heating value and many profitable secondary constituents are wasted in soot and smoke.

The consumption of coal gas for industrial and household heat production, on the other hand, means the elimination of all avoidable waste and the reservation of our dwindling coal supplies for the purposes to which they are absolutely indispensable.

Only by proceeding along these lines can we count on paying for the war by increased output—to which undertaking cheap and plentiful coal is vital.

For further Information or Specific Advice please apply to

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.*1

X16b

Dainty Garments for Children

¶ The little folk never look more charming than they do in summer frocks, and the simpler the more effective, for children never pay for elaborate dressing; indeed, that may be said of women also. Some of the most fascinating little garments for boys and girls can be seen in the juvenile showrooms of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street. A coat of heavy natural Shantung trimmed with buttons to match and stitching can be had to fit little girls from two to five years of age. There are fine covert coatings of the most fashionable cut for tiny girls of two to five, and practical refer coats similar in style for small boys, while the same style is made up for girls in pique, Shantung, or serge at quite moderate prices. Tunic suits of good quality zephyr—in mauve, pink, butcher Saxe, and green are other things to recommend for small boys' wear; and oftentimes they are chosen as thoroughly practical garments for little sisters who join them in their play. These tunics are prettily made, loose and full, with smocking and pipings, and can be had in three sizes from 21*s.* 9*d.* There are novelties in Tartan zephyr, which make effective and novel summer frocks, and, of course, there are delightful designs in white muslin —all lace and frills—always indispensable garments for little children.

Miss America Arrives

¶ We have long been familiar with the charming picture advertisements of De Reszke cigarettes, and now we are especially interested in the episodes of Miss America's arrival, who "pays a strenuous visit to the 'Bird-men,'" or "helps the boys to get acquainted." Miss America is wise. She knows the boys' weakness, and she never visits them empty-handed, but always supplied with plenty of ammunition in the form of "De Reszke" American cigarettes, which delightfully fragrant "smokes," by the way, are just as popular among our boys now as they are among Uncle Sam's; so when Miss America "helps the boys to get acquainted," she gives with lavish hand to all. Numbers of good judges, men and women, whose palates are unusually keen, have recorded their opinions of the "De Reszke" American cigarettes, which are sold everywhere at popular prices from 8½*d.* for ten, to 6*s.* 10*d.* for 100; or they can be had post free from J. Millhoff and Co., Ltd. (Dept. 81), 86 Piccadilly, W.

A Fine Blend of Tobacco

¶ There are many brands of tobacco popular among the soldiers, and one special favourite is Smith's Glasgow mixture, which is a choice blend of the finest American and Oriental tobaccos. This mixture is made in three strengths—mild, medium, and full—by Messrs. F. and J. Smith, Glasgow, who are well known as manufacturers of "Orchestra" High-class Virginian Cigarettes. Both tobacco and cigarettes, it may be observed, are highly appreciated by soldiers at home and at the front, and those of us who endeavour to see that the men have a constant supply of "smokes" should make a note of Smith's Glasgow mixture. This tobacco, always a favourite with men as a standard blend, is popular also for its convenient oval-formed tins, which fit so comfortably into the pocket.

A. E. M. B.

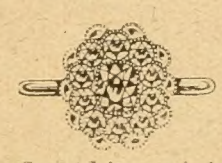
Jewellers *to H.M. the King.*

BY APPOINTMENT

Pearl and Diamond Half-hoop Ring.
£27 10s.

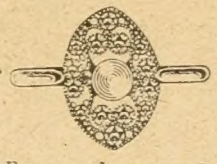
Emerald and Diamond Crossover Ring.
£55

Sapphire and Diamond Half-hoop Ring.
£16 10s.



Sapphire and Diamond Fancy Cluster Ring.
£24

Double Sapphire Ring with Diamond Shoulders.
£22



Pearl and Diamond Marquise Shaped Ring.
£13

Gem Rings

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company illustrate here a few examples of their Gem Rings.

These are only representative of the Selection the Company have, which includes Solitaire Diamond, Pearl, Emerald, and Sapphire Rings, and other Rings of distinctive and effective design.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's rings are all of highest quality, and are better value than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will be pleased to send a selection for approval if desired. A Catalogue forwarded post free on application.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address, 112, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated
The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd. Est. 1751.

112 Regent Street London W. 1

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Post Free to all parts of the World - **15/0**

Six Months, ditto - - - **7/6**

Please enter me as a subscriber to **"The ENGLISH REVIEW"** *for a period of* ..... *months, the subscription to commence with the* ..... *issue, for which I enclose the sum of* .....

Name .....

(Kindly write distinctly.)

Address .....

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To the MANAGER, THE ENGLISH REVIEW,
19, Garrick Street, London, W.C. 2

INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE FROCKS

WITH a view to the present need for economy we have designed a number of attractive and inexpensive silk frocks, similar in character to the garment illustrated. These frocks are made in our own workrooms on the premises, adapted from the newest Paris models, and are so daintily finished that they are suitable for both Afternoon or Restaurant wear.

DAINTY FROCK, in good quality Crêpe de Chine, simple bodice with long roll collar, vest and belt finished with contrasting colour. Plain well-cut tunic skirt. In navy, black and a few good colours.

Price

98/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

NOTE.—This Establishment is Closed on Saturdays.

JUST PUBLISHED.
5s. net; postage 4d.

MARRIED LOVE

A NEW CONTRIBUTION TO THE SOLUTION OF SEX DIFFICULTIES

By Dr. MARIE STOPES

With a Preface by Dr. Jessie Murray, and letters from Professor Starling, F.R.S., and Father St. John, S.J.

LONDON:
A. C. FIFIELD,
13 Clifford's Inn, E.C. 4.

The Magazine for Busy People.

THE
Review of Reviews

Illustrated. Monthly. Price 1/-

A Searchlight into Things that Matter

"WE PUT THE WORLD BEFORE YOU."

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS may be ordered from any Newsagent, Bookseller or Bookstall throughout the country; or it can be sent Post Free to any address for one year for 14/6. The subscription for Canada is 13/6 post free.

Subscription Orders, enclosing Cheque or Post Office Order, should be addressed to THE MANAGER, "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE, BANK BUILDINGS, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

Science in the blend, Art in the twist and cut of it, combine to make "Three Nuns" the beau-ideal of Tobaccos . . .

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd., Glasgow

King's Head is stronger
Both sold at 11½d. per oz

Three Nuns Cigarettes

MEDIUM

5½d. for 10 : 11d. for 20
Boxes of 50 2 2½ : 100 4/3

589

BERMALINE

Be careful about the children's bread. Be sure to remember that Bermaline Best Brown Bread is all nourishment. Be assured it is made from the cream of wheat supplemented by energizing malted barley. Be on the safe side in regard to the health of the entire family, by providing BERMALINE. Sold by Bakers at 6d. per 1 lb. loaf. Write to—

BERMALINE MILLS,
IBROX, GLASGOW.

for Free Sample Loaf and address of nearest Bermaline Baker.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle.*

VISITORS TO LONDON (& RESIDENTS) SHOULD USE

DARLINGTON'S

LONDON & ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and Sir ED. T. COOK.
6th Edition Revised, 6/-
30 Maps and Plans. 100 Illustrations.

"Very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
"A brilliant book."—*Times.*
"Particularly good."—*Academy.*
"Best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 3/6.
PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.

60 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 5/-
NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 5/-
DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
NORTH DEVON & NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
SOUTH DEVON & SOUTH CORNWALL.

1/- THE MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK and Hotels of the World.

Complete List Post Free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.
Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO. London: SIMPKIN'S.
New York and Paris: BRENTANO'S.
RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beautiful Photographs of Scenery, Ruins, etc, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, also the English Lakes and North Wales, 1/-. 1/6, 2/- List post free.

DARLINGTON & CO., Llangollen.

SCIENTIFIC *RE-CREATION*
OF THE
POWER OF HEARING

Sufferers from Defective Hearing, Tinnitus (Head Noises), &c., are now having their Hearing Powers Restored by an entirely new Scientific Treatment, discovered by a distinguished Scientist.

The value of the new Electro-Phonetic Treatment for Defective Hearing can be gauged from the fact that the great majority of the patients treated to date, including many cases of long-standing, given up elsewhere as incurable, have had their aural powers restored, while the remainder have found their hearing much improved and the progress of the trouble definitely checked.

The Treatment Described.—Constantly being improved so that it may always keep abreast of scientific progress, the Electro-Phonetic Treatment for Deafness, Tinnitus, and general aural affections gradually induces the organs of hearing to perform their *natural* functions. By easy and almost imperceptible stages it re-educates the atrophied ear to receive and transmit to the brain the subtlest graduations of sound in the way nature intended. In a word it *leads*; it never *drives*.

All whose hearing powers are defective are invited to visit A. Vernon-Ward (London), Ltd., at Cavendish House, Vere-street, where they can be tested by an expert who, after diagnosing the case will indicate the nature of the necessary treatment. Without obligation or charge of any kind visitors may also test the treatment for themselves that they may be entirely satisfied as to its absolute painlessness. The treatment is so generally successful, and the application so invariably pleasant that the fullest preliminary investigation is courted in all cases.

The new method is a *directly personal* treatment, involving no operation, no drugs, *and the wearing of no appliances.* It is given by nurses fully trained in the technique of the system, under the personal direction of the technical Expert, and the beneficial effects begin at the outset. The patient is thus able to estimate the progress of his own improvement up to the point at which the full course is completed and the full benefits derived.

The SOLE RIGHTS for GREAT BRITAIN of the Inventions and methods of Treatment are vested in A. Vernon-Ward (London), Ltd., and can be applied at their *only* establishment, Cavendish House, Vere-street. It is not a Home Treatment, and cannot be self-applied *or obtained anywhere else.*

To those unable to call in person (which is the course most strongly advised) a full and clearly-written treatise will be posted free of charge on application to:

A. VERNON WARD, (London) Ltd
34, Cavendish House,
Vere Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.I.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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The AUTOMATIC
Lister-Bruston
ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT
offers the advantages of direct lighting, without the disadvantages of the heavy accumulator systems. The switching on or off of any of the lights in the house starts or stops the engine. The operation of the plant is so simple that no skilled labour is required. In addition to lighting, the plant provides current for pumping and numerous other purposes. Estimates Free. Plants can always be seen at work.
Sole Makers: R. A. LISTER & CO., Ltd.,
Dursley, Glos.
London Office: 47, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.
— ESTABLISHED 1867. —

Picture Offer
To "De Reszke" Smokers

This picture, "Miss America Arrives—She is Entertained by the Senior Service," printed in colours on art paper 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 4d. in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 57.

Miss America Arrives — *Episode VI.* *She is Entertained by The Senior Service.*

"Yes, dear boys, here I am, but don't make a noise about it! You are the Silent Navy, you know."
"But we do sit up and bark sometimes, Miss America!"
"I rather guess you do! You may not all be Drakes—but you are *all ducks. So I've brought you some of Uncle Sam's* Best!"

The 'Grade I' Virginia

WHEN you think of the highest quality in Virginia Cigarettes, the one name that instinctively springs to the mind is—"De Reszke" *American*. For this there is a reason. Ever since the inception of "De Reszke" Cigarettes, the one aim the Manufacturers have had constantly in view has been the production of cigarettes of the first quality—so good that they completely satisfy the discerning smoker. That this ambition has been realised—that the "De Reszke" *American* is the Aristocrat of Virginias—is evidenced by the numerous letters of appreciation from well-known men and women of to-day, a further selection * of which are printed here:—

Robert Radford (Principal Basso, Beecham Opera Company) writes:—
"I find the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes easily the finest on the market. Their flavour is distinctive and delicate (a rare thing in a Virginia cigarette), and they have never harmed my throat in the least degree."

Arnold Bennett, Esq., writes:—
"Mr. Arnold Bennett has tried the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes and likes them very much, and he will be obliged if you will send him another box."

Robert Blatchford, Esq., writes:—
"I have tried the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes and am of opinion that there are no better, and, as the veteran cricketer said of Barnes' bowling, 'there couldn't be any.'"

H. B. Irving, Esq., writes:—
"Thank you very much for the very delightful 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes. They seem to me to be quite excellent."

℄ ***See the personal guarantee of Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen of all blenders, enclosed in every box of "De Reszke" American Cigarettes.***

* *Numerous other opinions may be seen in other "De Reszke" advertisements.*

20 for 1/7

10 for 9½d., 50 for 3/11, 100 for 7/8
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 81), 86, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

25 for 2/-

"De Reszke" American CIGARETTES

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"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING"

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

PER OZ.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - -
Player's Medium Navy Cut - - - } 10½d.
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut - -

Player's "White Label" Navy Cut - - PER OZ. 9½d.

Also Player's **Navy Cut de Luke** (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in **2**-oz. and **4**-oz. Airtight Tins at **2/1** and **4/2** respectively.

This Tobacco is also supplied at **Duty Free Rates** for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P732 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.

AT PRE-WAR PRICES:

SAFETY PATTERN FROM **12/6**

STANDARD PATTERN FROM **10/6**

W·A·A·C
This drawing was sent to us by a member of the Royal Engineers serving with the Forces in France.
A/18
B E·F·
THE SWAN SCREW CAP
SAFETY
M.T.&Co.
MADE IN ENGLAND

"I find the 'Swan' is the best means of meeting my writing obligations promptly, easily and neatly. Nowadays everybody is waiting for letters. One cannot depend on indifferent supplies of pen and ink. So I always carry my own gold-nibbed 'Swan' Fountpen. It does the work with less trouble in record time. It took me half-an-hour to select exactly the right nib. Now I can't write with anything else."

When Answering Any Correspondence

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., London, Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. Associate House—New York & Chicago.

NOTE.—It is a mad world, so occasionally the Advertisements of Pope & Bradley are fashionable.

THE COST OF CURFEW

by

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"Curfew"

Rilette's picture is apropos of nothingness—to be found in the Entente meaning of "couvre feu."
"The spark burns brightest just before it goes out."
But modern sparks must go out long before the moment of brightness. Even burning is forbidden.
The old smouldering embers, white ashed, are alone privileged to revel in the dark.

THE Statistics Controller sat in his palatial Bureau, stroked his beautiful grey beard, and thought and thought and thought.

Figures danced before his eyes, figures surged in his brain, wonderful, obliging, obedient.

Rising, he flung open his window and gazed over the Metropolis of the world.

Darkness, beloved by the old because their ugliness becomes unseen, was setting in over the great city, and even as he gazed the solemn peal of Curfew broke upon his ear.

He chuckled as he drew forth sheets of paper. "Not a flaw in the argument," he soliloquised, "not one flaw, for figures cannot lie. In half an hour the Official Tuckers Up will have completed their rounds; not a fire will burn in all London, not a light will glow, not a train will run, not a crumb will fall from the richest man's table; the saving in shoe leather alone will suffice to run the war for hours; clothes will wear longer, tobacco and alcohol will be saved in incalculable quantities and the birds will get their sleep undisturbed. This is indeed the Perfect Economy. Every link holds."

A sardonic titter startled him, and turning in his chair he beheld his Evil Genius, the Spirit of Doubt.

"I rather fancied," sneered the malevolent Spirit, "that there was a wool shortage."

"Wool?" queried the Controller fiercely.

"Have you thought of the vastly increased wear-and-tear of blankets?"

* * * *

Next morning an order appeared from the offices of the Board of Curfew:—

"A return is to be furnished at once of all the blankets in the possession of private citizens. For the duration of Summer time no private citizen may use a blanket. Night apparel is forbidden to be worn except during air raids. Penalty for failing to comply with this regulation will be forfeiture of six months' meat cards."

And the long war dragged on in the most perfect economy.

* * * *

Considering the wool shortage and the dignified prices of matches and gin, there is no reason why Pope & Bradley's charges should not be equally autocratic. But the House does not practise commercial immorality—which is uninteresting—so at 14, Old Bond Street they remain: Lounge Suits from £6 6 0, Dinner Suits, £8 8 0, Service Jackets £5 15 6, Slacks £2 12 6.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1918

Three Poems

By D. H. Lawrence

War-baby

The child, like a mustard-seed,
Rolls out of the husk of death
Into the woman's fertile, fathomless lap.

Look! it has taken root!
See how it flourisheth,
See how it rises with magical, rosy sap!

As for our faith, it was there
When we did not know, did not care.
It fell from our husk like a little, hasty seed.

Sing, it is all we need;
Sing, for the little weed
Will flourish its branches in heaven when we slumber beneath.

Town

London
Used to wear her lights splendidly,
Flinging her shawl-fringe over the River,
Tassels in abandon.

And up in the sky
A two-eyed clock, like an owl,
Solemnly used to approve, chime, chiming
Approval, goggle-eyed fowl.

There are no gleams on the River,
No goggling clock;
No sound from St. Stephen's;
No lamp-fringed frock.

Instead,
Darkness, and skin-wrapped
Fleet, hurrying limbs,
Soft-footed dead.

London,
Original, wolf-wrapped
In pelts of wolves, all her luminous
Garments gone.

London, with hair
Like a forest darkness, like a marsh
Of rushes, ere the Romans
Broke in her lair.

It is well
That London, lair of sudden
Male and female darknesses,
Has broken her spell.

After the Opera

Down the stone stairs
Girls, with their large eyes wide with tragedy,
Lift looks of shocked and momentous emotion up at me;
Till I smile.

Ladies,
Stepping like birds with their bright and pointed feet,
Peer anxiously forth, as if for a boat to carry them out of the wreckage,
And in among the wreck of the theatre crowd
I stand and smile.

They take tragedy so becomingly,
Which pleases me.

But when I meet the weary eyes,
The reddened, aching eyes of the bar-man with thin arms,
I am glad to go back to where I came from.

The Character of Totality of Artistic Expression

By Benedetto Croce

[Translated by Douglas Ainslie.]*

It has often been remarked that the representation of art, even in its most individual form, embraces the whole and reflects the cosmos in itself. This has also been used as a criterion for distinguishing profound from superficial, vigorous from weak art, and the art that is perfect from the art that is in various ways imperfect. But the theory of this character of art had not been well set out in the old Aesthetic, for this consisted, as we know, in the juxtaposition of art with philosophy and religion. It was held that they had a common end—knowledge of ultimate reality—to which art attained sometimes by acting concurrently with the other two, sometimes as provisory and preparatory to that one of the other two which had ultimate and definite rank, now as itself constituting this ultimate and definite rank.

This doctrine was faulty, for two reasons: through conceiving the cognoscitive process in too simple a manner, without differences and antitheses, and so either as purely intuitional, purely logical, or purely mystical; or through conceiving it as the discovery of a static, and therefore of a transcendental truth. The cosmical character or totality of art was certainly in this way recognised to be the artistic representation, but the originality of art was misunderstood, and the force of productive spirituality in general underestimated. Art has been looked upon no longer as the apprehension of a static

* Translator's Note.—The following remarks upon the totality of the artistic fact are the most recent contribution of Benedetto Croce to his own theory; they were composed during the past winter at Turin.

The objection has been made to the theory as expounded in "Æsthetic as Science of Expression" that it excludes from art the character of totality or infinity. The main point will be gained if it be admitted that this has been proved, but incidentally, I think, readers will glean some valuable hints as regards the critical attitude that should be maintained towards a great deal of the production of the day.

I understand that we are to have the views of Croce on British and French poetry during the past hundred years, or possibly during the nineteenth century. That will be of great interest, as it may be hoped that a norm of true criticism will be supplied, where so much has been *jejune* or haphazard.

concept, but as the perpetual formation of a judgment, of a concept that should be a judgment, in order to remove the second error and to come into line in a certain way with modern thought, which is an irresistible impulse towards immanence and absolute spirituality. This would satisfactorily explain its character of totality, because every judgment is a universal judgment. Art would not then be simple representation, but a representation that judges, and would assign their place and value to things, penetrating them with the light of the universal. This theory meets with only one difficulty, but that one so insurmountable as to defeat it—namely, that the judging representation is no longer art, but historical judgment or history, unless, of course, history be looked upon, as it used to be, and still is by many, as a mere crude statement of facts. But in this case the judgment or representation that judges would be identical with philosophy, with the philosophy of history, and never with art. In fact, with the theory of art as judgment is certainly avoided the vice of immobility and transcendency, but not the other vice of gnoseological simplicism, which here takes the form of logical exclusivism, and perhaps leads back again to a new and more or less masked transcendency, but certainly to that extent denies to art just what makes it art.

Art is pure intuition or pure expression, not intellectual intuition in the manner of Schelling, nor logicism with Hegel, nor judgment, as in historical reflection. It is, on the contrary, the auroral form of knowledge, absolutely without concept or judgment, without which it is not possible to understand the ulterior and more complex forms. We have never felt the necessity of going outside the principle of the pure intuition, in order to understand the character of totality with which it is stamped, nor of introducing corrections, or, worse still, eclectical additions. It has sufficed us to remain confined within its limits, indeed to observe them with greater rigour, to plunge into it more deeply within those limits, and to extract the inexhaustible riches that this form of knowledge contains.

Similarly, on another occasion we were able to prove to those who maintained that art was not intuition but feeling, or not only intuition but also feeling, and held pure intuition to be cold, that the pure intuition, precisely because it is free of intellectualistic and logical relations, is full of feeling and passion—that is to say, that it never confers intuitive form and expression upon anything but a state of the soul, and that, therefore, there is heat beneath that chilly appearance, and

every true artistic creation is pure intuition only upon condition of being purely lyrical. And when we have observed recent theorists finally arrive at the opinion that art is intuition and feeling, after wearisome turnings in a circle and by devious paths, it has seemed to us that in so saying they were emitting no new proposition, but were indeed repeating what had already been said a hundred times in the aphorisms of artists and of critics; and that with that conjunctive "and" and "also" (rightly so much detested by Hegel in philosophy) they remained on the hither side of true philosophic elaboration; that, in fact, they had not attained to the unity of the principle of explanation, because the two characters that they adopted revealed themselves as merely aggregated, or at the most united, whereas we must be able to find the one in the other and to identify them.

The demonstration of what in artistic representation is justly recognised as universal and cosmical (no one has perhaps better exposed this than William Humboldt in his essay on Hermann and Dorothea *) is to be found in that principle itself, considered with attention. For what is a sentiment or a state of the soul? Is it by any chance something that can be separated from the universal and developed by itself, or can the part and the whole, the individual and the cosmos, the finite and the infinite, possess reality far from and independently of one another? It is easy to see that every separation and every isolation of the two terms of the relation can only be the work of abstraction, for which exist only abstract individuality, the abstract finite, abstract unity, and the abstract infinite. But the pure intuition or artistic representation rebels with its whole being against abstraction. Indeed, it does not even rebel, because it ignores it, owing just to that ingenuous cognoscitive character which we have recognised in it and called auroral. In it the individual palpitates with the life of the whole, and the whole is in the life of the individual, and every complete artistic representation is itself and the universal, the universal in that individual form, and that individual form as the universal. In every accent of the poet, in every creature of his fancy, there is the whole of human destiny—all the hopes, the illusions, the sorrows and the joys, the greatness and the misery of man, the entire drama of the real, which becomes and grows perpetually upon itself, in sorrow and in joy.

* See especially I. IV.–X. (pp. 129–140) of the edition of the complete works, as published by the Prussian Academy, Vol. II.

It is, therefore, inherently inconceivable that the merely particular, the abstract individual, the finite in its finitude, should ever affirm itself in the artistic representation. When this happens—and in a certain sense it really does happen—the representation either is not artistic or is not perfectly artistic. On such occasions, in the labour of the passage of immediate feeling towards its mediation and resolution in art, from the passionate to the contemplative state, from practical desiring, longing, and wishing to æsthetic knowledge, we have stopped half-way, at the point which is not yet black, though the white is disappearing, and which cannot have abided in such æsthetic contradiction, save by the act of a different and more or less conscious practical volition. Artists who are inclined to avail themselves of art, not only as contemplation and as reducing their passion to calm, but as that passion itself and as giving it vent, allow the cries and shouts of their lusts, their sufferings, their soul storms, to penetrate into the representation that they produce. But by thus doing they impart to it a particular, finite, and narrow aspect. This particularity, finitude, and narrowness do not belong to feeling, which is both individual and particular, like every form and act of the real, and do not belong to the intuition, which in like manner is both individual and universal, but to feeling which is no longer only feeling, and to representation that is not yet pure intuition. Hence the observation that has been several times made—that inferior artists are far more *precise* in respect to their own lives and to the society of their time than superior artists, who transcend time, society, and themselves as practical men. Hence that sort of disquietude produced by works that are certainly quivering with passion, but are yet wanting in the idealisation of passion, in the purity of the intuitive form, which is proper to art.

For this reason I warned readers in my early treatise on *Aesthetic*, not to confuse with one another *expression*, of which I gave the theory, identifying it with the intuition and making it the principle of art, æsthetic expression, and *practical* expression, which is called expression, but is nothing but desiring, longing, willing and doing itself in its immediacy, becoming afterwards a concept of naturalistic logic or indication of a determinate real psychical state, as, for example, in Darwin's researches into the expression of the feelings in man and in animals. And the difference was illustrated by comparing the man who is a prey to anger, who by outpouring consumes it, with the artist or actor who depicts anger, domi-

nating an emotional tempest by spreading out above it the iridescent rainbow of æsthetic expression. The artistic impulse is so profoundly distinct from the practical impulse that, as everyone will remember, it has suggested that horrible scene in Edmond de Goncourt's story, where the actress, at the bedside of her dying lover, is led by her genius to artistic mimicry of the agony that she sees in the face of the dying man.

To give the artistic form to the sentimental content is thus to give to it at the same time the imprint of totality, the cosmic afflatus. In this sense universality and artistic form are not two, but one. Rhythm and metre, assonance and rhyme, metaphors that embrace the things whereof they are metaphors, agreements of colour and of tone, symmetries, harmonies, all these things that rhetoricians make the mistake of studying abstractly, and thus render abstract, accidental, and false, are so many synonyms of the artistic form, which by individualising harmonises individuality with universality, and by so doing universalises. On the other hand, the theories that already appeared at the beginning of modern Aesthetic and were preceded in antiquity by the obscure cathartic theory of Aristotle, upon the severance of art from every interest (*Interesselosigkeit*, as Kant formulated it)—that is, from every practical interest—are to be interpreted as so many barriers against the tendency to introduce or to allow feeling to persist in art as directly experienced, a food that has not been absorbed into the organism and that turns into poison; by no means as an affirmation of indifference for the content of art and reduction of it to a mere frivolous game. Schiller did not understand it thus, although it is to him that we owe the unwelcome appearance of the word game in æsthetic discussions. It appeared, however, as game in the so-called "irony" of the extreme Romantic German school. This irony was celebrated by Schlegel as "agility," by L. Tieck as the faculty of the poet of "not giving himself altogether to his subject, but of balancing himself above it." This theory ended in an art of the ludicrous superimposing upon the vast world of art as its sole ideal an art of the grotesque and ludicrous. This art was the chief solicitude and care of Heine as a young man, and later in his career he records it thus:—

Wahnsinn der sich klug gebärdet!
Weisheit der sich überschnappt!
Sterbeseufzer, welche plötzlich
Sich verwandeln in Gelächter!

This provided an excellent example of the invasion of the practical individuality of the poet into the pure vision of art, as we find especially in what is called humorous art. It was the ultimate cause of Hegel's diagnosis of the dissolution and prophecy of the death of art in the modern world. Were it desired better to determine the liberation of art in its special quality from practical interest, it might be said that in it the question of suppressing all those interests does not arise, but rather that of bringing out the value of them all together in the representation, because thus alone does the representation by issuing forth from particularity and acquiring the value of totality become concretely individual.

What proves irreconcilable with the principle of the pure intuition is not universality but the intellectualistic and transcendental value attributed to universality in art, in the form of the allegory or symbol, in the semi-religious form of the revelation of the hidden God, and in that of the judgment, which, distinguishing and unifying subject and predicate, dissolves the magic of art, substituting realism for its idealism, the perceptive judgment and historical considerations for its ingenuous images. Irreconcilable, not only because it is contrary to the effectuality of art, but also for this reason, that so desperate a theoretic expedient would be superfluous and would weigh upon the doctrine of the pure intuition with all its useless weight. For there artistic representation both presupposes cosmic feeling and supplies at the same time an altogether intuitive universality, differing formally from universality in whatever way thought and adopted as a category of judgment.

But those who have recourse to such expedients are also, and principally, moved thereto by moral and moralistic exigencies. They are sometimes reasonably distrustful before certain manifestations of false art, sometimes mistakenly afraid of others which are true art and altogether innocent. Hence we may conveniently add that only by holding firm to the principle of the pure intuition, free of any admixture, including morality, is it possible, on the one hand, to supply them with arms for their righteous polemic and, on the other, to calm their unjustifiable fears. With this principle of the pure intuition alone is it possible effectively to banish immorality from art without falling into the unwisdom of moralism. By following any other road nothing will be achieved but variants of the famous sentence of the Parisian tribunal of 1858 in the action against the author of *Madame*

Bovary. "*Attendu que la mission de la littérature doit être d'orner et de recréer l'esprit en élevant l'intelligence et en épurant les mœurs . . .; attendu que pour accomplir le bien qu'elle est appelé a produire, ne doit pas être seulement chaste et pure dans la forme et dans son expression . . .*" This sentence might have been signed by one of the personages of the romance itself, by Monsieur Homais the chemist. Those are men of little faith who hold that morality needs to be artificially cultivated and kept on the straight course in the world and with like artifice insinuated into art. Because, if ethical force be, as it certainly is, a cosmic force and queen of the world, which is a world of freedom, it dominates through its own virtue; and the greater the purity with which art re-forms and expresses the movement of the real, by so much the more is it perfect; the purer it is, the better does it draw the moral from things themselves. What does it matter if a man take to art with the intention of satisfying his feeling of hatred and rancour? If he is truly an artist, love will be born of his hate and will make him just against his own injustice. What does it matter if someone else wish to lower poetry to the level of his own sensuality and luxury, when in the course of the work his own artistic conscience will oblige him to unify that interior dispersion which belongs to sensuality, to clarify the turbid elements of luxury, and sets instead upon his lips an involuntary song of anguish or of sadness? Finally, others would much like to accentuate some particular, to give colour to an episode, or to utter a certain word, for some practical end of their own; but the logic of their work, æsthetic coherence, will compel them to disaccentuate that particular, to remove the colour from that episode, not to utter that word. The æsthetic conscience does not need to borrow the sense of shame from the moral conscience, because it possesses it in itself, as shame and delicacy and æsthetic chastity, and knows where it should employ no other mode of expression than silence. On the other hand, when an artist violates this sense of shame and violates his artistic conscience and allows that which is artistically without motive to penetrate into art, though he may have the most noble and decorous intentions, he is both artistically false and morally wrong, because he is failing in his duty as an artist, which is for him the nearest and the most urgent of duties. The introduction of the sensual and of the obscene into art, the wonted theme for scandal with the timid, is but one instance of this immorality, and I have not said that it is the worst, be-

cause the foolish exhibition of virtue seems to me to be almost worse, since it makes virtue itself look foolish. The æsthetic activity in its aspect of control or brake upon itself is known as *taste*, and it is certain that taste "grows finer with the years" with true artists and connoisseurs. This means that whereas youth delights in passionate, somewhat exuberant and turbid art, in which abound immediate practical expressions (amorous, rebellious, patriotic, humanitarian, or otherwise coloured), there gradually rises up a certain satiety and nausea of these cheap enthusiasms, and those works of art or those parts or pages of works of art which have attained to purity of form, the beauty that never wearies and never satiates, please ever more and more. The artist becomes ever more difficult and harder to satisfy with his work, the critic ever more difficult in his judgments, but also ever more fervent and profound in his admirations.

And since we are discussing this question, I continue it by saying that the philosophy of art or Aesthetic, like every science, does not live outside time, that is, outside historical conditions. For this reason it develops now one and now another order of the problems that form its object. Thus at the Renaissance, when poetry and art reacted with their new tendencies against the popular coarseness of the Middle Ages, æsthetic doctrine set especially in relief problems relating to regularity, symmetry, design, language, style, and reconstructed teaching relating to form upon the ancient models. And when, three centuries later, this teaching became pedantic and mortified the artistic virtue of feeling and fancy, and the whole of Europe, intellectualised, grew bare of poetry, and Romanticism appeared, with its attempt to bring back even the Middle Ages, the corresponding Aesthetic became filled with the problems of fancy, genius, and enthusiasm, overthrew and inverted classifications and rules, and laid stress upon the value of inspiration and of spontaneous execution. But now, after more than a century of Romanticism, would it not be of advantage if Aesthetic were to bring out more clearly the doctrine of the cosmical character of artistic truth, and of the purification of individual inclinations and of the immediate forms of feeling and of passion that it requires? Indeed, we find that in France and here and there elsewhere there is question of the "return to Classicism," to the precepts of Boileau and to the literature of the age of the great Louis. This tendency is not without its frivolous side, and such a return is as impossible as it was impossible for the Renaissance

to return to antiquity and for Romanticism to return to the Middle Ages. But it seems to me further that the majority of these preachers of Classicism are haunted by passionate poetry to an even greater extent than the adversaries they combat; for these are often simple souls and, as such, more easily corrigible and transformable into artists of classical type. The demand however, is legitimate, because justified by historical conditions.

As has been remarked on more than one occasion, modern literature of the last fifty years is assuming more and more the general air of a great *confession;* the fountain head of this literature being the work of the philosopher of Geneva. But this character of a confession shows that there abound in it personal particular practical and autobiographical motives, which I have described above as "relieving" and distinguished from "expression." It gives evidence of a certain correlative weakness in relation to the complete truth and therefore weakness or absence of what is called "style." The reasons for the greater and greater share that women are taking in literature have often been discussed (Borinski, the author of a "Poetic," has maintained that modern society, ever more and more concentrated upon the hard daily struggle of business and politics, is gradually assigning to them the functions of poetry, as primitive societies used to assign them to Druidesses and to similar prophetesses!), but to me it seems evident that the true reason must be sought in this character of confession assumed by modern literature. The doors have thus been opened wide to women, who are essentially emotional and practical beings. Just as they are wont to underline whatever accords with their own personal sentimental experiences when they read poetry, so in like manner they are much pleased when invited to pour forth their souls. They are not troubled about the lack of style, because, as has been acutely remarked, *le style ce n'est pas la femme.* Women hold bacchantic revels in modern literature, because men have themselves become to some extent effeminate. The mark of effeminacy is the lack of shame that leads them to expose all their miseries and that frenzy of sincerity which, since it is frenzy, is not sincerity, but more or less deft dissembling, that enables them to inspire confidence as cynics, according to the example set by Rousseau. And just as those who are ill, seriously ill, willingly employ remedies which under the cloak of alleviating really aggravate their disease, so there have been many attempts both throughout the nineteenth century and also

at the present time, to restore form and style, the impassivity, the dignity, and the serenity of art and pure beauty. The seeking out of these things for themselves supplied a new proof of the weakness that was felt, but yet was not cured. The other attempt to pass beyond Romanticism with Realism and Verism was more virile. Here aid was sought of the natural sciences and of their point of view. But the exaggeration that became evident in the stress laid upon the particular as such and the crowd of details, was confirmed and not attenuated in that school, which was also romantic in character and origin. Other well-known literary manifestations can be attributed to the same cause of exaggeration, as, for instance, the "artistic writing" so much the vogue in France and represented by the Goncourt, up to the spasmodic attempts of our Pascoli to render immediate impressions which make him in a certain sense the precursor of the futurists and of the music of "noises."

The nature of the malady which affects the great bulk of European literature to-day was early perceived, not by lesser critics, but by great artists, the greatest in Europe. Goethe and Leopardi illustrated the contrast between ancient and modern writers almost in the same words. The former (said the German poet) *stellten sich die Existenz dar wie gewöhnlich die Effekt; sie schilderten das Fürchterliche, wir schildern fürchterlich; sie das Angenehme, wir angenehm . . . daher kommt alle vertriebene, alles Manierirtes, alle falsche Grazie, aller Schwulst, denn wenn man den Effekt und auf den Effekt arbeitet, so glaubt man ihn nicht fühlbar genug machen zu können.* The Italian praised the "simplicity" and the "naturalness" of the ancients, "for they did not go into the minute details of a description like the moderns, who thus reveal the effort of the writer, who does not speak or describe the thing as Nature herself presents it, but subtilises and dwells upon the circumstances, shortening and lengthening the description with a view to creating an effect. This effort reveals its intention, and in so doing destroys natural ease and negligence, manifests art and affectation and makes the poet talk more than the subject of the poem." Thus "the impression of poetry or of the beautiful in art was infinite with the ancients, whereas with the moderns it is finite." The same Goethe congratulated himself on having invented a good word wherewith to goad the Romantics poetry of the lazzaretto. To this he opposed Tyrtean poetry, which is not only that of songs of war, but which "animates man with courage to sus-

tain the battles of life." And although Oscar Wilde has protested against the application of the adjective "morbid" to art, the quality of the protester confirms the validity of the adjective.

The "general character" of a literature or art is not to be directly transferred, least of all as a judgment, to poetical works produced by that literature and art; for we know that it does not designate anything especially æsthetic and artistic, but simply a practical tendency, which acts in what in a literature is not, properly speaking, artistic, that is to say, in its material and in its defects. And it would be superfluous to say that artists of genius, inspired poets, great works and great pages of great works—that is to say, all that really counts in the *history of poetry*—are not subject to disease or to the general tendency. Great poets of every country and of every time meet in that luminous sphere, where they are received as citizens and recognise one another as brothers, whether they belong to the eighth century before or the twentieth century after Christ, whether they wear the Greek peplum, the Florentine magistrate's robe, the English long-flowing robe, or the white robe of the Oriental. All are *classics*, in the best sense of the word, which lies in my opinion in a peculiar fusion of the primitive and the cultivated, of inspiration and of study. Nevertheless, it would be erroneous to suppose that the determination of the currents of thought, of the sentiment and of the culture of a time, is of no assistance in the study of its poetry. For, in the first place, it is useful as giving concrete and efficacious form to the criterion which separates the art of the true artists from that of the half artists, the non-artists and those who make a trade of art. It also assists in the knowledge of the great artists themselves, by revealing to us the difficulties that they must overcome and the victories they will win over the hard material handled and raised by them to the level of art content. Finally (since even the great artists have their share in mortality), it aids us to explain some of their defects.

But the determination of a tendency or general character is also of service as advice to artists, setting them on their guard against the adversary that they find in the very conditions among which they have to work, against whom criticism can be to them of but little assistance, save just as giving this very general advice. Criticism can further determine this and exhort them not to pay attention to those in the past as well as in the present who explain and have explained

the psychic disposition above described as peculiar to a particular race or people, and as having passed to other people in the manner of an epidemic. Because, while it is true that immediate violent and rough expression is very common with the German peoples, as having had a briefer experience of social refinement, it is in reality a general human experience that appears in all times and places. Historically in its intense form and as a "mass phenomenon" it has appeared in every part of Europe, from the end of the eighteenth century onward, because it answered to common and general philosophic conditions, both religious and moral. We have already stated that this tendency is literary only in an indirect and secondary manner. Primarily and directly of philosophic-religious-moral origin, it is vain to seek its cure by treatment of an æsthetic nature, as though its cause lay in some ignorance of rhetoric or technique. The futility of every attempt of this nature has already been recorded. The malady will diminish and almost disappear with the formation of a new faith in the soul of Europe. Thus will be culled the fruit of so much anguish endured, of such toil sustained, of so much blood spilt. It will diminish and disappear in the same way that it has been combated or conquered, and it can be conquered in individual artists as the result of the healthy development of their philosophic-religious-ethical character or personality, which is the basis of art as of everything else. And if it does not disappear, but on the contrary increases yet more and becomes yet more complicated in the near future, this will mean that a yet longer trial is necessary for labouring and suffering human society. Notwithstanding this, true artists will yet always attain to the whole truth and to classicism of form, as they did when the malady was raging in the nineteenth century—those great ones who shed their lustre on modern literature—from Goethe and Foscolo and Manzoni and Leopardi to Tolstoi, Maupassant, Ibsen and Carducci.

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An Ulster Farm

By Forrest Reid

I HAD stayed at the house several times, putting up there for the night, but this evening when I reached it, and found that the old man had been seriously ill for some weeks, it seemed to me the best thing I could do was to push on to the nearest hotel.

He was lying in bed in the big kitchen when I came in, lying in a kind of stupor, and as I looked down at the grey, drawn, uncomely face I saw death was not far off. Yet I confess my pity was not at all for the sufferer, but for the woman and the boy who stood with me at his bedside. I knew that when the father was gone everything would pass into the hands of the elder son, and I could guess what that would mean for these two. He had been a hard man, the father, all his life; a hard man—grasping, selfish—yet I doubted if he had saved a great deal. The farm had never seemed to me particularly prosperous; it had never *looked* prosperous; and too much money had been spent on whisky. He had worked the place himself, with the help of his two sons and of a rather ancient servant-man. If it had not been for his wife, who stooped over him now arranging the pillows, things would have gone to the bad long ago. She had been the guiding spirit, and she was a woman for whom I felt a great respect. Much younger than her husband, her married life had not been an enviable one. Indeed, what I had admired about her most of all, perhaps, was just the way in which she had contrived to maintain peace in that ill-assorted household. For the old man had ever been dour and suspicious, a hard drinker and a fault-finder, and the jealousy between the sons was bitter. In age there was a difference of at least ten years between them. The old man had married twice, and Michael, a boy of eighteen, was the child of the second marriage. Blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, he took after his mother, having the same kindly manner, the same frank expression. John, on the contrary, was as surly a boor as

I have ever encountered, sullen when sober, and quarrelsome when drunk.

"How long has he been like this?" I asked, as we stood by the bed of the dying man, listening to his hoarse, laboured breathing; and the mother told me he had been getting gradually weaker from day to day. For several nights they had taken it in turns to sit up with him, but this morning he had seemed better. It was fair day in a neighbouring town, and he had revived sufficiently to insist that John should not miss it, and to talk with him about some cows that were to be sold. It was only towards noon that he had dropped into this strange, unnatural slumber, of which, even now, they did not appear to me to realise the significance.

"John'll be back soon surely," she added. "I don't know what's kept him. He should have been here at six. He'll be bringing butter an' meal an' flour an' Maggie McCann with him. Maggie's a good nurse, an' offered to come."

I made a few further inquiries, but I could not ask the question which I felt would have been most to the point—namely, what she and Michael intended to do when the farm came into John's hands. John, as I knew, had been wanting to get married for a year back, and the farm would scarcely support two families.

"Well, I think I'd better be pushing on. I'll just see first if my lamp's all right."

"Sure, you're not for going out again a dirty night like that!" the mother exclaimed in surprise. "It's teeming rain, an' you're wet through already. You needn't think you'll be in the way here. I'd tell you fast enough."

The boy mumbled something in support of this invitation, and I hesitated. The idea of venturing forth into the November evening was anything but attractive. The rain was coming down as if it were never going to stop, and I had been pushing my bicycle for the last four hours against a strong head wind and over roads thick with mud. In the end I allowed myself to be persuaded. I retired with Michael to borrow his Sunday clothes, while my own were hung up to dry; then we all three drew our chairs up to the fire and sat talking in low tones, though the precaution was unnecessary, for no sound we might make was likely to penetrate the deep sleep in which the old man lay.

I asked what the doctor had said about him, and the mother shrugged her shoulders. It was evident that the doctor's skill was not held in high esteem. More faith appeared to be placed in Maggie McCann; for Michael, who had been staring gloomily into the fire, now looked up. "Maggie'll har'ly start in this weather," he announced quietly, and, as if in support of his opinion, a sudden gust of wind and rain beat furiously against the house, making me mightily glad I had remained where I was.

"No, she'll har'ly," the mother agreed. "But I can't think what's come on John. He should have been back these hours!"

I could tell from her voice that she was anxious, and I knew from past experience what the cause of her anxiety was likely to be. The wind sobbed dolefully round the chimneys and then sank into silence.

Michael, who had sat up with his father most of the preceding night, now began to nod in his chair. Then he straightened himself with a jerk, blinking sleepy blue eyes, while a faint slow smile spread over his broad face. His mother suggested that he should go to bed, but he would not. Presently she went out to prepare my own bed, and the boy turned to me. "It'll take me to wait an' see how John comes home. He'll be to have been drinking, or he wouldn'a stay out a night like that."

"I'll sit up," I told him. "I can easily look after him."

But he shook his head. "No—no. Mother, she's making your bed ready now. You've no call to be bothering. You don't know what he's like, either, when he's a dhrop in him. He goes fair mad on it whiles."

At this moment the mother returned, and Michael's confidences ceased abruptly. We watched her while she laid the table for supper; then, when we had eaten our porridge, we returned to our chairs by the fire. It was evident that she, too, was going to wait up for John.

Hour after hour passed. We had long since relapsed into unbroken silence, and I had dropped into a doze when I was awakened by the rattle of wheels outside, and by the barking of Roy, the sheep-dog. I started up in my chair, and glancing at the clock in the corner saw that it was after one. I must have slept for nearly two hours. Michael had risen to his feet and was listening intently. We could hear a low, scuffling sound, and then suddenly the door

was flung wide with a crash, and three men staggered into the room, dirty, bedraggled, soaked to the skin, looking as if they had been rolled in the mud—John, the farm-servant, and a stranger.

They were too stupefied by drink even to think of unloading the cart, and this I helped Michael to do, but all was in a woeful mess. The waterproof cover had come off, and had apparently been dropped somewhere on the road, allowing the rain to soak in on butter, flour, and meal, which lay unprotected in a kind of sodden heap at the bottom of the cart. "See how he's fouled everything, damn him!" the boy muttered under his breath, as we carried the stuff in. The servant-man and the stranger had already collapsed upon the floor; John had disappeared, and the mother, too, had gone out. The old man in the bed was still asleep.

Michael attended to the horse and cart, and while he was doing so I placed the flour and meal before the fire. Then I pulled the two drunk men into a corner out of the way, where they lay like logs, in their dripping clothes. "What are you going to do with them?" I asked Michael when he came back.

"Throw them out!" he answered fiercely; but at this moment John, an unopened bottle of whisky in his hand, staggered into the kitchen. He was followed by the mother, who, as Michael was about to put his threat into action, laid a restraining hand upon him.

"Let them be," she said. "You can't put them out a night like that."

"It's *his* fault, drunken swine!" cried Michael; but John, struggling ineffectually to open the whisky bottle, was too absorbed in his task to hear him.

At last he succeeded in drawing the cork. "Gi' me a glass. Gi' me a glass," he repeated stupidly yet savagely.

Michael, none too gently, tried to take the bottle from him. "Don't you think you've had enough already?" he asked quietly, though in his very self-control there seemed to me something dangerous.

"What the hell is that to you? Gi' me a glass."

John's dull little eyes, glazed with drink, turned to the corner dresser, where a row of tumblers stood on the top shelf. In his effort to reach up to them, however, he overbalanced himself, and very nearly brought the whole thing down. Yet through all he clung obstinately to the bottle.

Now, suddenly lurching forward, he snatched up a cup from the table and filled it with the raw spirit. What followed was so unexpected that we were too late to interfere. With incredible swiftness he darted to the bed and hauled his father into a sitting position; then, thrusting back the dying man's head, he poured the contents of the cup partly down his throat, partly over his beard and nightshirt. The old man choked violently as the mother rushed to save him, and Michael hit out at John with his clenched fist. It was a powerful blow, and John sprawled on the floor, the back of his head striking the stone pavement with a sickening thud. The old man's choking passed into a paroxysm of coughing, which seemed to tear him from head to foot, and must have snapped the slender thread of life remaining in him, for in a few minutes, as we lowered him back on his pillow, he lay quite still. The colour had sunk out of his face as water sinks through sand; his eyes remained open in a strange blank stare; his jaw had dropped a little; and, though we continued our efforts to revive him, I at least knew that they were wasted. Meanwhile, the three men lay on the floor, two of them asleep, from the mouth of the third a dark mess of blood oozing out over the tiles. The mother dropped into a chair, and leaning over the supper-table bowed her face in her hands. She began to cry softly, and the sound of her weeping mingled wretchedly with the drunken snores.

Truth's Welcome Home

By Edward Garnett

When Peace fled away from the hearts of the warring nations the Virtues met together in hurried council. It was imperative that Humanity should not be left to struggle alone in the clutch of Murder, Rapine, Hatred, Lust, and Devastation. But it was a slight shock to everybody when, looking round the Assembly Hall, the Virtues saw themselves all arrayed in khaki! All but Justice, who, with his stern brow and meditative eyes, wore as of old his colourless mantle. And where was Truth? Was that her clear voice raised in notes outside the door? A voice gradually drowned in yells of savage laughter? Justice rose and strode to the entrance, and there he saw a woman on the steps, struggling in the hands of a mob of angry citizens striving to lynch her. "Fellow citizens, leave her to me! I am Justice!" rang out the Virtue's voice like a clarion. And the mob shrank sullenly from his eyes as he lifted Truth and drew her back with him over the threshold.

The speeches in the conclave, as befitted war-time, were brief and, for the Virtues, strangely unanimous. All the chief Virtues must go to the front; Courage, Honour and Duty, Self-sacrifice, Faith and Hope must lead and sustain the soldiers amid the horrors of the battlefield, and inspire their souls with belief in the ultimate triumph of Right.

Only Justice sat silent, staring before him as each fresh speech showed in turn how even more necessary to War than to Peace were the Virtues.

Then Truth's voice was heard, asking, "Will you work on all the fronts, with all the armies?"

"Naturally! We cannot desert the soldiers anywhere!" cried the other Virtues, staring at her.

"In that case you will be fighting with men against yourselves and inspiring all the aggressors," objected Truth.

But the Virtues pooh-poohed her objection. History showed it had always been like that. And how could the Virtues hang in the rear? And the meeting broke up on the high ringing note of hope and inflexible endeavour.

"Come and dine with me, Truth," begged Justice, and his stern eyes shone with the undying passion he ever cherished to make her his own. He put Truth in a taxi, amid the cheers of the patriotic crowd when it saw all the khaki-clad Virtues emerge from the hall; and he drove her to a little Soho restaurant, where the patron hastened to find them a quiet corner. Never had Justice shown himself more ardent. "We have time for ourselves now," he urged. "You will see that while War will accomplish his designs in our name, we sha'n't be listened to for a long while. Come away with me, Truth, to the mountains. There we can strengthen ourselves in the irradiant ether, in the pure sunlight, like the great eagles. Together we will trace the source of the lakes upwards to the eternal glaciers that have never been defiled by man. Come with me, Truth! Your eyes are the loveliest thing to me in the wide universe."

Was it the wine had loosened Justice's tongue? or the thought of her pure body when he lifted her to his breast and bore her away from the crowd? But Truth shook her head. His passion stirred her strangely, but how could she seclude herself with him when all the world would be clamouring for her to show her face, and then spitting on it in rage when it did not reflect men's desires?

"I love you, Justice, but as a sister," she said softly, gazing at him with her luminous eyes. "I shall always raise my cry to men on your behalf."

"Take my advice, Truth," he begged her. "Go everywhere, and see everything, as before, but don't cry aloud in war time. Even in peace people dislike listening to you, but now they will howl you down if you open your lips. It is the day of the Lies. Don't you hear their leathery wings flapping round you?"

"I always hear them," said Truth.

. . . . . .

The other Virtues departed for the Front, and served in the trenches, loyally and faithfully, never murmuring, animating the score of millions of men in the armies by day and night. It was gratifying that War welcomed them as his oldest friends, consulted them at every turn, sought their advice, and consulted their wishes wherever possible. It seemed strange at first, but the great armies were indeed the abode of the Virtues! They were cheered, heartened, immensely uplifted by the deference shown to them from the privates to the Higher Command, but the more the Armies

relied on their aid the more disgustingly familiar grew the Vices. Formerly wherever Love went Murder would shrink away from him, muttering; but now she would sidle up to him, with her bony face and glittering eyes, chuckling, "Kiss poor Murder, Ducky! Ain't we comrades?" Formerly Faith and Honour had kept Outrage and Cruelty at a distance, but now the two Vices would swagger up to the delicate girls, seize them, press their breasts, cover their faces with hot reeking kisses, and call them their War-brides! and even the soldiers, under their orders, would stand looking on, yelling hoarse laughter. During the battles, too, and for days and nights afterwards, the Vices, with Torture and Madness, would hold high carnival. They would dance round their victims shot to pieces, dreadfully mimicking their voices as they besought mercy, lying in the shell-holes, begging to be put out of their torment. Mercy would plead with Death to visit them, but often he shook off her grasp and turned away. He had so much to do!

"Eh! my friend, remember you came here to kill!" mimicked Malice, leering at the moaning man. "Think! You have served this sauce to your fellows!" And then Malice would yell derisively across the battlefield, "Glory! Duty! Here's another of your recruits!"

And month after month and year after year Courage and Duty and Honour led millions of men to pile up hecatombs of their fellows mountains high, while Slaughter and Sin stood by, grinning. Who could complain? The Virtues supervised everything on all the fronts, and penetrated everywhere, saluted respectfully by the men they led forward to-day and read prayers over to-morrow. What would you have? It was War-time.

Meanwhile what splendid new openings the stay-at-home Vices found for themselves. "Patriotism!" and "Our country first!" was their cry, and under its cover they took possession of the souls of the caballing politicians, who, struggling for rank and power, gathered round them swarms of greedy placemen. The steady honest people saw themselves jockeyed and elbowed aside by the brazen-tongued adventurers who could pull the wires of self-advancement and make good terms with the Vested Interests. All the fat Profiteers, bustling about and advertising their services, seized the occasion to come in on the ground floor. Jacks-in-office swarmed, clambering upon the car of officialdom and helping their relatives to snug places. Every

intriguing Vice took on a brand new official face, with a knife up his sleeve for his colleague whose place he coveted. And behind the Press the Dictator, like a gigantic cuttle-fish, lurked, squirting his cloud of poisonous ink on the men who disputed his will, on the Ministers, soldiers, sailors he had marked to pull down. And behind the inner doors of Power what whisperings of corrupt Ministers with hooded, obscure journalists! The stay-at-home Vices rubbed their fat-fingered hands and trafficked in the War, while the prosperous mob day by day howled at poor little Peace and hunted her through the streets.

At last the stay-at-home Virtues grew alarmed at the brazen way the Vices swaggered about in the public places and eyed all men insolently through the eye-holes of Power and Patriotism. "The Vices are getting everything into their hands at home while you are doing the bidding of War at the Front," was the message they sent to the Virtues in khaki. Who knows if it ever reached them? Then the stay-at-home Virtues hunted about for Truth. Everybody spoke of her, but nobody had heard her voice for ages! At last they found out that she had disguised herself as a stretcher-bearer and was always with the dying soldiers. Then they got a letter out to her.

The night after the letter reached her Truth was on the battlefield, helping to collect the wounded, when a man with a shattered spine opened his eyes as she looked into his face. "How many went over the top with me?" he asked. "Twenty thousand," she said. "How many came back alive?" "Four thousand," she replied. "Tell them at home," he said, and closed his eyes.

One morning, just before it grew light, Truth was lying at the door of a dug-out, looking up at the pale stars, when she saw sinister shapes emerging from the obscurity. Furtively and warily they dragged themselves forward, and soon there were a dozen figures squatting in a half-circle round her, looking hungrily towards her. She knew them—they were the great Sins. Foremost among them sat Murder, Treachery, and Cruelty staring gloomily before them. But how changed were they! They looked mere skeletons, burnt out by War's rapine.

"Yes, look well at us, Truth!" they growled. "We are so burnt out that we can scarcely drag ourselves farther. War has utterly consumed us!" Truth examined their haggard

faces, their emaciated limbs, their cavernous eyes. Then they muttered hoarsely: "Let the world know, Truth, that it is your lovely Sisters, not we who are destroying the nations! War had satiated himself long ago but for their insistence. Hope and Faith are still pressing the millions forward into the pit of slaughter. Ah! your Virtues butcher a hundred men for one we kill!" And the great sins shambled off, holding on to one another, so weak were they in their weariness.

Truth came back to the peoples at home, and as soon as she began to speak of the battlefields the people struck her in the face and bade her be silent. "Go away!" they cried angrily. "This isn't the moment for Truth." She went to the editors, and her narrative froze their blood. When the editors had eviscerated her narrative and the Censor had censored what remained, every citizen read it aloud at breakfast. "Truth's Message." "Why We Are Winning." She went to the Ministers, to the M.P.'s to the clergy, to the publicists, and they repulsed her with horror.

"Gag her!" they cried.

"No! Cut her tongue out! It's safer!"

It was done.

"Cut her hands off!" "She can write," urged anxious Patriotism.

It was done.

"Put her eyes out! Make her deaf!" urged National Gain and Greed, leering into her bleeding face.

"No!" said the politicians. "We shall make use of her later on. Put a placard on her breast, 'A Woman Mutilated by the Enemy,' and let her walk about the streets."

Truth sat down by the roadside, and everyone who heard her moans crossed themselves in horror.

"Oh, poor woman! This is what the enemy has done to you!" and they heaped charity on her. But when she opened her mouth and waggled the stump of her tongue they felt troubled and complained to the Authorities.

The Authorities considered the matter. "It's really a mental case! The poor woman should be in an asylum. It's kinder to her," they agreed. So they took Truth to a hospital for the insane. But when they undressed her they found she was a man, with his name and Red Cross number hanging round his neck.

"Why, it's an R.A.M.C. orderly, wounded by shell fire!"

said the doctor, and they transferred her to a Hospital for Incurable Soldiers.

There she lay among the soldiers with shattered spines, without faces and without legs and arms, with nothing left to them but mutilated life. She lay there among them, staring up at the ceiling, now and then making queer signs with her mutilated arms to the nurses and the doctors, who were puzzled to know what she meant.

But the soldiers knew right enough. "It's Truth," they repeated. "She's telling people about the War."

But no one paid them attention.

It was War-time.

The Garden of Love

By Alexander Pym

THE spaces of the desert stretched about me unpeopled save by phantoms. Overhead a ball of fire, blazing in a sky of burnished copper, drew what moisture it could suck from a parched and arid wilderness. Two companions never left me by night or day: sand—sand in hair and mouth and eyes—and silence. There are different kinds of silence, each with its significance: the silence of awe, the silence which presages disaster. But the silence of the desert is unlike any other. It is as though the functions of Nature were suspended, and in the stillness the heart of the world can be heard to beat.

I seemed to have been always in the desert. My eyes were tinged with the wistfulness that the horizon gives; the expression in the gaze of the Arab and the sailor is the same. And I was looking not for something that I had lost, but for something I had yet to find. I did not complain, for the nomad life has enchantment. Here and there, when least expected, an oasis springs into being as though by magic. Every breath of air throbs with the mystery of the unknown, with a sense of immensity and freedom. But I had no home. Though footsore and weary I was compelled to go forward. For the desert is inhospitable, and there is no resting-place there.

I had almost abandoned hope of escape when mountains raised themselves in outline before me. Patches of vegetation began to triumph over the barrenness of the land; the heat became less intense. As I advanced I discerned in the distance groves of palms and abundant foliage. Then I believed that my journey was at an end—I had reached the Garden of Love.

It was a spot pleasant to the eye. Around were dotted hamlets nestling among the woods. Within, myriads of flowers nodded in bewildering profusion, scenting the air with their fragrance. One who has little knowledge of such things could never name them. Wild, exotic, fragile, in masses and alone they grew, forming avenues and clumps and borders riotous with colour. Green, purple, wine-red, scarlet, orange-red, blood-red, blue, saffron, sulphur-yellow, whites in every variety—all the hues of the rainbow were there, but

the reds predominated. Yet every shoot appeared independent of the others, with an individuality of its own.

And in the Garden were maidens of every kind. For some God had put violets in their eyes and rosebuds on their lips, and corn in their hair, and lilies in their breath and skin. Their ears were as shells which are gathered on the shore, and their faces turned to the brightness in the way of children. They were playing the only game in the world—the game of love. Others I saw who cheated as they played. Crimson stained their cheeks, and it was they, not God, who had wound carnations in their hair. Such were the passion-toys of pleasure. Others, again, belonged to neither kind, yet partook of both. Each had a blossom entrusted to her keeping as an emblem of herself.

The men, the partners in the game, were permitted to pluck a flower, and with the flower they took a maiden. It was noticeable how frequently the flowers, when plucked, burst with buds into new life. Many, however, drooped almost at once, the petals crumpled, and the man and woman could remain no longer. That was the only sadness which came into the Garden—the withering of flowers—and it was always the signal of departure. The rejected sometimes settled within sight of the happiness which they had lost; sometimes they obeyed the call of the desert; a few journeyed boldly into the mountains. I observed that the crimson blossom was particularly short-lived (there appeared to be something hostile to it in the atmosphere of the place). Those who tended it invariably departed before long, laughing and wantoning into the great wastes.

Then I wondered if there was room in the Garden for a wanderer like myself. Should I find there that which I had sought so long, which the desert had denied me? I could hardly believe that it was possible. I had seen fair places, but I had never found that. I had watched and waited—once with hope. Love would come to me; it must. But time passed and the desert summoned, and love lingered. Or perhaps it had come and I had not perceived it.

And while I waited I had consoled myself with make-believe. If love was a game then I would play it and be happy. But that was a mistake. Love can only be played with clean hands and a pure heart. It is the pursuit and capture, not, as I had supposed, of every passing fancy, but of the ideal. Yet it is worth a struggle. He who wins it and holds it in his arms has all.

It is this ideal that colours dreams and waking thoughts. But it is hard to find; it is slow in revealing its hiding-place. And when it fails to come men grow weary and try to cheat themselves with something base. This is why they become unclean; not because they like uncleanliness, but because their dreams remain unrealised. Hungry and unsatisfied they prefer husks of swine to starvation. So they appear heartless, enticing and coquetting, transferring their favours from one attachment to another, assuming bonds of allegiance in a spirit of jest. Like children who cannot obtain the treasured toy they suppose for a moment that something else will do. But it is just pretence, in order to conceal their disappointment; in their hearts they know that they are beggars.

And if any say that this is not so there will come a day when they will confess that they lied. For in the act of accepting a phantom they bear witness to the power of the ideal and measure the preciousness of what they have lost.

And so it was with me. I was one of those who had gone unsatisfied, who did not know the meaning of love. Was I fit, then, to set foot in that sacred spot? Would not the presence of an outcast bring a blight among the flowers? And yet . . . . there might be a place for me. Oh, if only it might be so, if only this might be the beginning of something beautiful and noble in my life! I had endured so much of the sand and silence. If only . . . I pushed open the gate and entered the Garden.

. . . . . .

The first hours of happiness were shadowed by the dread that I might be expelled. But time went on and no one interfered. The number of strange people there surprised me. There were bad as well as good; some inconstant and shallow; others inspired by selfish motives, by love of the ego, by love of that which pleases the eye. Yet all were happy. That seemed to be inherent in the atmosphere of the place. But imperfections of character imposed this restriction. No one could make the Garden his home for long except those who were clean through and through, who had gained the pearl without price. The mingling of selfishness or passion with love sooner or later brought exile. And though some of the exiles I observed won their way back, this was rare. Most of those who left the Garden said good-bye to it for ever.

In such a scene of peace and brightness as this, listening in the sunshine to the stirring of the breeze, the hum of

insects among the flowers, I was possessed by a feeling of content such as I had not experienced before. And I perceived my whole being quickened with a sense of anticipation. Something would happen to me. What? I could not tell. That it would be transforming, even lovely, I felt sure. But I was still alone. Women such as play unfairly at the game gazed at me, alluring, yet kindly; with look and gesture they invited me to be their comrade. But my eyes were busy searching among the faces for the woman of my dreams. Many lovable and good, who had found what I had not, passed near and spoke with me. But She was not there. . . .

Then bitterness took hold of me. If She did not come, there were others. The false loves of men, the fickleness, the make-believe, began to assume an appearance of merit. Were they not the struggles of the desperate to obtain a footing, if not within the sacred shrine, at least in the outer precincts of the temple? The idea fired my brain, and I fell.

It happened at the tempting of one of those witch-daughters. She was lovely to look upon and desirable above others, with the almost baby face of one who knows no evil. She came to comfort me, and I did not refuse her. Her silken arms were cast about my neck. The carnations in her hair wrought a dizziness of the senses. I was intoxicated. The blood pulsed through my veins. I asked: Why should I be desolate? Why should I alone miss that which makes for pleasure? Let me snatch enjoyment with this woman, and reflections of the Divine will reach me even in the mire. Because I have tasted the food of God I shall live. It is better to eat with a devil than go hungry (for I did not realise then the price that is demanded for such a feast). Her eyes held mine. Her warm, wet lips drew closer to me, provocative. I abandoned myself to her caresses in a delirium, and upon the altar of passion I sacrificed my ideal.

Those were mad days that followed, and I did not regret them. Ours was a comradeship of the flesh. I could not give her all that was in my heart; there was a room she could not enter, but with my body I served her. And in our manner we were happy with a happiness which even the thought of approaching exile could not destroy. And then She came.

She was tall and walked like a queen. A tangled web of amber hair framed a face pale and serene, in which were set eyes of a magical blue. She was beautiful, but it was not her beauty which thrilled me. In what lay the secret of her power I did not ask; it was enough that She was the living

picture of my dream. In a moment of time it was revealed that She existed, and that became my one conception of eternity. In a flash everything was changed. With a glance I understood that this, and this alone, was love. Of whatever unholy thing the other was born, it suddenly died. I may have earned the name unfaithful; it may be that I was callous. But the first was sin, and the second—destiny. And the winds of fate bore me far out to sea on the waveless waters of love.

And then it was that I learnt how much I had lost. A twin soul had come to me—that which I had been sent into the world to cherish; but it had come too late; I was unclean. An idol had been entrusted to my keeping, and I had pulled it down to the dust and rolled it in the mire. Now that the idol had become a goddess how should I dare to insult her with my worship, to offer lips still tingling with those scorching kisses? I could only hold my peace and yearn.

She was unlike anyone else and moved in an atmosphere apart. No flower had marked her for its own, but in her hand She carried bitter herbs. Perhaps it was because of this that others shunned her. As months went by She grew more and more a stranger. As for me, She seemed hardly conscious of my presence. And yet I think She must have known.

At the close of a day I was standing near the entrance of the Garden when She came towards me. It was the hour of sunset, when earth smells warm and fragrant and birds chatter noisily in the shrubbery. With one look She passed through the gate and set her face towards the mountains. I watched her figure grow small as She ascended the winding road. A spear of gold fell across her path, and then She disappeared into the valley. The shadows were creeping fast before She reappeared on the opposite side, and, as I waited, a voice told me that I, too, must go forward.

My time has come. I cannot stay in a Garden always; I must resume my journey. And as the desert is impossible, I will follow her; perhaps She has been sent to guide me. The sun is dipping behind the hills, and I am starting. Shall I overtake her? Shall I overtake her before the darkness closes in? Will She speak to me when I am by her side? Dare I tell her what I am? . . .

Who knows?

Soldier-Poets (i)

Captain the Hon. Julian H. F. Grenfell, D.S.O.

By T. Sturge Moore

THE war has confounded matter-of-fact calculation and made most people aware of unprized volcanic resources in human nature. However, some men, many young men, have always felt moved, supported or opposed, by agencies of which they could give no consistent account to the seasoned worldling. Rhythms and cadences which express or seem to lead on to the expression of life's hidden value take possession of young minds, control and contort their speech into jangling rhyme which, since the war, has acquired increasing popularity till critics remember how during the wars of Napoleon verse sold better than prose and wonder whether this may not happen again. The customs and cares of civil life dishearten and depress, and a run on poetry would be proof of reawakened sensibility. Let us hope that England, where life has seemed both stablest and stalest, is to be refreshed by a wave of finer enthusiasm. The young will feel it first, for they are never stale or established. Of all the young men whom England has sent out to fight, he who has produced the best poem seems to have least hesitated answering the call to fight with ecstatic joy.

Captain the Hon. Julian H. F. Grenfell, D.S.O., was born March 30th, 1888, obtained a commission in the 1st Royal Dragoons in September, 1909, and died of wounds May 26th, 1915, having written the following poem about a month earlier.

INTO BATTLE.*

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.

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* Quoted here by permission of Lord Desborough.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their bright comradeship,
The Dog Star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's belt and sworded hip:

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers; . . .
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Many readers are exhilarated by this who cannot be at the pains to ravel out its secret, and I propose to help them that the impression may last longer and satisfy more completely. Young Grenfell exults at fulfilling an inborn promise. At last he feels free to be what instinct and capacity make him; general consent and his own conscience permit him to kill and to die. The ecstasy is like that of married love, a fundamental instinct can be gratified untaxed by inward loss or damage and with the approval of mankind. Harmony between impulse and circumstance creates this joy, but not only is it more complex than that of the young male stag who

attacks the leader of the herd, there is in it an element of quite a different order, a sense that wrong within can be defeated by braving evil abroad. The strain between worldly custom and that passion for good which begets spiritual insight finds relief in fighting, looks for peace in death. Only the noblest spirits when young so intolerably feel this strain that they welcome such an end as delicious satisfaction. Acquiescence in evil seems to them too high a price to pay for life. As though it were a devil they would cast out all complicity with it from themselves as from others. This is the focus of their activities, and until it is found they have no peace. Shelley is recognised as a type of the young poet, and this eagerness to attack evil in the world and this readiness to die characterises him, though his weapon was the pen and he faced death in crazy boats and fever-stricken hovels and not in battle.

The intimate delicacy and justness of this marvellous lyric will appear more brilliantly yet if we contrast the aspects which arouse its eloquence with those more commonly selected when the theme is war.

Throughout the poem no hint is given of the nature of the enemy, he does not proclaim, as so many have done, that he fights for right or against tyranny. He does not himself look forward to tasting the fruits of victory; he accepts death as the natural necessary reward of taking up arms. Even in peace he had chosen to serve by being ready to fight. Yet he does not cry up devotion to England. You will say *his* was obvious. That is just it, true poetry does not say what is unnecessary.

That a young man of this gentleness should be glad both to kill and be killed shows that the martyr and the soldier are not opposite types, but stand before the deeply moved conscience as equal heroes. Both are finest when each most resembles the other. The martyr, courageous, unflinching, capable of detachment and courtesy to the last. The soldier, conscientious, humane and unaggressive: St. Stephen and St. George. The quality of emotion in these stanzas will serve as a touchstone to imperialist and pacifist theories. True peace is not signed by Governments, but is something never yet achieved on earth. That so-called peace which preceded the war must have created the exultant relief to have done with it which this young man felt. And we know he was right, we know its foul shame, we know how unworthy it was of the name we so fondly gave it. Peace indeed!

The sanity of a true inspiration is miraculous and avoids

errors which we all breathe and utter, and yet does not fall into the opposition of that half-illumination which, like a bee on a window-pane, angrily buzzes itself to death, because it sees but cannot enter the light. Neither is it passive, disclaiming part and parcel in humanity's tragedy, as though there were any other means of support than man's widespread goodwill. Men and nations, we all depend for what we are permitted to be on friendliness and co-operation.

The senses both of mind and body are tender, all callousness impairs them. The slaves of machinery, with their *real-politik* and subserviency to fact, are in all countries striving to stifle liberty, poetry, joy. But kindness is stronger than discipline, and courtesy more victorious than munitions.

Since I wrote this a pamphlet* has been published with extracts from Julian Grenfell's letters; these strengthen and endorse the impression received from his poem. He was a born fighter; there is a wonderful description of a boxing match he had with a champion at Johannesburg, too long to quote here, but very worth reading. After he had been knocked down three times he remarks that his "head was clearing." Yet he can also write—"I hate material books, centred on whether people are successful. I like books about artists and philosophers and dreamers, anybody who is just a little bit off his dot." Success in this present world is a little incompatible with real success, one is a trifle beside the mark of the other even when they seem to coincide.

"I longed to be able to say that I liked it, after all that one has heard of being under fire for the first time. But it is beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good, it only made me careless and unwatchful and self-absorbed; but when one acknowledged to oneself that it was beastly, one became all right again and cool"—so his head began to clear again just in time. "Here we are in the burning centre of it all, and I would not be anywhere else for a million pounds and the Queen of Sheba." Consciously or unconsciously he repeats the sentiment that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Henry V. at Agincourt, and Sir Henry Newbolt into Nelson's in his "Admirals All." That sentiment characterises the born leader: when facing danger he feels that he is where he can best prove what he is. He felt "utterly ashamed" of himself when he had met a German officer prisoner with a scowl, the other looked "so proud, so resolute, smart and confident in his hour of bitterness." This

* *Julian Grenfell.* A Memoir by Viola Meynell. (Burns and Oates.) 1*s.*

instant challenge and rebuke of himself was akin to his mastery and initiative. He begged to be allowed to go out into "No Man's Land" stalking Germans, and was refused. "At last they told me to take a section with me, and I said I would rather cut my throat and have done with it. So they let me go alone." His experiences are as good reading as the fight at Johannesburg, but too long to quote. "I got back at a sort of galloping crawl and sent a message to the 10th that the Germans were moving up their way in some numbers. . . . They made quite a ridiculous fuss about me stalking and getting the message through. . . . It was up to someone to do it instead of leaving it all to the Germans and losing two officers a day through snipers. All our men have started it now. It is a popular amusement." But first is first to-day, just as when David met Goliath.

A piece of bursting shell has deprived us of a great leader, with the characteristics of the finest kings of men. And though wealthy enough to travel with dogs and horses wherever he went, he could not bear to think that a friend had deserted the Socialist cause out of respect for the "loaves and the fishes." This friend writes—"I don't suppose many people knew what an ardent love he had for honesty of purpose, and intellectual honesty, and what sacrifices he made for them—sacrifices of peace-of-mind abhorrent to most Englishmen. . . caused himself no end of worry and unhappiness." Yes, facing discomfort clears the will as facing physical danger clears the head, and wrong within can be defeated by braving evil abroad. And now while intellectual honesty is at a premium I will confess that the last two lines of his "Into Battle" always disappoint me. They ring hollow and empty; it is as though he had been disturbed and scribbled in haste something that looks like an end but is not, and never given his mind to the poem again. The other poems published since are slighter in mood and more boyish in execution. Though they are not bad, they are not good enough to enhance the effect of "Into Battle."

Physically, mentally and morally splendid he might seem to have done little in this world but be and be destroyed. Yet to have been, and to be known to have been such as he was may well in time seem one of the grandest facts of these times. Such admiration as we owe to him is an experience as rare as it is beneficent, and will outlast a vast number of topics and crazes. Two phases of his worth he revealed even to those who never met him, the one in his poem, the other in his

letters, and they tally as the like aspects have rarely tallied in other men. This proves the density of the integrity that was destroyed by a fragment of iron. He lay wounded a few weeks before he ceased to suffer.

The worst horror of modern war is not the vastness of its destructions but the number of spirits whom it enslaves to machinery, and in this it closely resembles modern peace. The plough lacerates the turf; many lowly and lovely lives are sacrificed that wheat may be sown and a taller, straighter growth raised to sustain a higher pulse of life. But how often our modern machines create what is useless or harmful at the expense of the best life both of those whose profit is intended and of those whom they exploit? Is there so much choice between the horrors of war and those of peace, when they are truly estimated, that the pacifist should prefer them or the imperialist wish to re-establish them? That men should be forced by the self-seeking of others to linger in want or to die in cruel torture is equally abhorrent. The hope of all generous spirits is to have done by means of this war with the peace that they have known, and to usher in a better order. And Grenfell cheers this hope as few can, foreshowing a better proportioned life. The limpidity and strength of his emotion, though it creates beauty and reveals wisdom, was seconded by no matured art; yet those who have this at command are so liable to fail just where he succeeds, in sureness of aim.

The "Free" Woman

By Popina

"He's fair it, he is, really."

"And got a bar?"

"Something or other. Here, what do you smoke, old girl? Jips?"

"Oh, any vegetable will do me, but I like a long tube, don't you?"

"What do you think? I say, have you seen *Baby's Pockethandkerchief*? It's it, that is. My word, we didn't half laugh with Charlie the other night. Such a nice theatre, too. I'm going again on Saturday with Winnie, you know; she's up at Thurston's. Just hoiking it in, she is. Nice lot of girls there. Why, you're out; try one of mine."

"Thanks, old girl. Here, let's have coffee. I've got my sach! O, I say, isn't that Miss Flitch a cauker? She's a glad eye, if you like. Do you know, she does a theatre regular three times a week? It's wonderful what some of those girls can stick. Don't seem to care a damn, do they?"

"That's right. I'm getting like that also, you know—sort of free and easy. Why not?"

"Course."

"So are you, old pal, I expect, if the cat was out."

"A little more drink won't do any harm."

"You are a sly thing, you are, Rose. Gosh, here's the coffee."

The conversation I had been listening to—I could not help overhearing in the little room with the tables so close together—would not have aroused my curiosity, for the language was ordinary enough in all conscience, had it not been that the speakers were obviously women, whereas the whole tone of their remarks, the manner, and the actual language were so curiously male. It was not often that I strayed into the centre of London for luncheon, but on that day I had found myself caught at about one o'clock, and, being reasonably hungry, I entered one of those semi-foreign restaurants that abound in Soho and the neighbourhood, where perforce

I had to get a place in a small room upstairs, and, naturally, every word was audible.

I turned round. I want to make it clear that it was not the conversation that interested me; on the contrary, that kind of vulgarity nauseates my very being, but solely the personality of the two young women who had so assimilated all that was cheap and common in man, even to the inflexion of tone, for these girls, I could not help thinking, must be the "new free" woman we hear so much about, the woman of munitions and the Government hotels, the emancipated woman of the vote.

I turned round as if with the purpose of staring out of the dingy street window and examined them. To my surprise, both girls were well dressed and had the appearance of being comfortably off. There was nothing "showy" about them, and it was clear at a glance that they did not belong to the war class of girl, so short of skirt and so rich in stocking. My practised eye could see that they were thoroughly decent girls. Before the war I suppose we would have called them "nice" girls—they were neither common nor obvious in any sense, not exactly pretty, yet not unattractive either; in short, two fairly well-dressed girls of the lower middle class who were enjoying their new-discovered liberty and daily responsibilities with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy on his holidays smoking cigarettes in a cinema with a boy friend.

As they took no notice of my scrutiny, I continued to observe them. They ate nicely. They were astonishingly composed, and quite free from any self-consciousness. In their whole attitude and manner they resembled men. There were men at the other tables, but I did not observe either of the girls to look in their direction or apparently to take any notice, they sat like men, sprawling at the table, each with long tubes in their mouths containing cigarettes, and the one nearest me had her legs crossed and looked so like a youth in her easy poise and independence that I expected her every minute to pull up her skirts in imitation of the way men pull up their trousers. "Damns" fell from their mouths simply and naturally; they laughed like men. They used exactly the same expressions. Evidently they were extraordinarily free and self-contained young women. The war was never mentioned. "Jack" had been "gassed," I gathered, but that was all. The office, the work, the excitement of their work entirely absorbed them, the one other topic being the stage. And yet they were both interested in the other sex. Charlie

was plainly a person of significance. They went often to the play. They envied the girls who went more frequently. There was nothing *farouche* about them. They liked men, and apparently men liked them; and the more I realised that the more, I regret to say, I stared, so strange to me did it appear. To me these two girls seemed to belong to a neuter sex.

I came deliberately to this conclusion—if I were a man I could not love two such girls. I don't think I'm impossibly old-fashioned—at least, for many years I've worked for woman's suffrage, and I've seen quite a bit of life. But to me sex antithesis is indispensable. We love men because they are what we are not, because they are complementary, because we are their mothers. I believe men love us because we are not big-footed, muscular people, with hard skins and big bones, who curse and fight and smoke, because our voices are soft and our lines elusive, and because of that little mystery that every woman knows to be imaginary, and every youth deems to be divine.

But I am laying down the law, which is not my purpose. As I watched these girls I could not help thinking what enormous changes were coming upon us, how deeply the war is revolutionising all our habits and traditions, how, growing before our eyes, a new woman has arisen—the free woman of industrialism.

That is why these types so interested me. I cannot say I was edified. It may be that the new woman—the woman who works and is independent—will set up a type which men will take to and delight in for the sake of companionship and society, and, if so, perhaps the creation of a recognised industrial or semi-enforced neuter class of women will enrich the community and add to the gaiety of life; I am not here concerned with that aspect. The point I wish to make is the matter of quality of the new "free" woman.

A large number of women have now the vote. What use will they make of it? That is one of the national questions to-day. Will they develop on their own lines, or will they fall into the mere imitation of man, and so fall into all his ways and errors.

Here I see a most dangerous pitfall, and when I saw those two girls—men in their manner of speech, thought, attitude, and deportment—I could not help thinking what a terrible calamity it would be if the emancipated women of Britain were to copy men's politics in the same fashion as the emanci-

pated women workers copy men's ways and vulgarities. It is a real danger. Women are naturally imitative. Nothing is easier than for a girl to ape the male, for acting is the privilege of her sex, and out of the "knut" she could easily forge a nut-cracker. But where would it lead us? What would it profit women to have the vote if in the process women forfeited all that is sexually, morally, mentally, and distinguishingly theirs? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. If women become mere politicians, like the men, mere platform speakers, agitators, place-hunters, and their politics become a mere game of class and vested interest, humbug, personality, and insincerity, then the addition to the suffrage will simply have added to the demoralisation and degradation of democracy without benefit to themselves or to society. And the danger is, in my opinion, most acute. If the new woman smokes and swears in public, why should not the political woman climb up the political tree, like Sir F. E. Smith, for instance, who one day is busy at the top of the law, to make a "powerful" political speech on Wednesday, while at odd times we hear of him as a brigadier-general or what not, unless I am confusing this title with the somewhat similar-sounding honour of a Solicitor-General. We could do all that, and more. We have women who could beat Smith and Churchill any day, both as public speakers and public actors. I know a girl whom I would back to become more versatile and more "tricky" than Mr. Lloyd George once she got into Parliament, and as she is better-looking she would probably have a larger following.

But for women such a result would be disastrous. As a sex, we should obtain little from political "success." Men's political morality is low enough as it is, as all serious folk will admit, but if women are to enter the arena as mere competitors or imitators, then inevitably the morality of our politics will sink lower, and all that the vote will have given us will be a few prizes, a few "knock-out" lady speakers, a few jobs and perhaps titles, and a few big public scandals.

Men confidently anticipate this. "It will only add to the votes and—to the insincerity," a care-worn politician said to me, and at the words I shuddered. Women do not create easily, whereas imitation and adaptation are instinctive with them. Already the women possess the facile, public-speaking brand, the agitator, the type that lives for sensation and notoriety. Our education *quâ* sex has been terribly neglected. We are not ready for the full use of our thinking powers. Perhaps a majority of women have no considered

opinion on any public question at all. How should they? Why, alas! should they?

This intimation of kinetic man puzzles me infinitely, and yet it seems to be the chief thing these "free" girls aim at. I notice the khaki women walking, talking, and behaving like men. I see these working girls apparently trying to divest themselves of all sex individuality. These new girls are not only losing their femininity, but they have in great part lost it. They talk and think in slang. Their minds work just like Charlie's or Herbert's. One hears from their lips the same schoolboy adjectives, the same music-hall phrases, the same stock remarks. They seem to have assimilated all the throw-off of the other sex, but I cannot see that they have delved much deeper. They converse exactly as I have heard schoolboys talk among themselves, that is, everything is a "rag," nothing is serious; it is bad form to appear even serious.

Now, when these women come to vote, is it to be expected that they will suddenly divorce themselves from their studied artificiality? It is difficult to believe. If you talk by rote and fashion, you are likely to think by rote and fashion. Men think little enough of serious things in life, heaven knows, but if women are merely to think politically as the men hitherto have done then the suffrage will not alter anything.

Just think of the reforms women need; think of the many just things women have the right to demand. How are they going to obtain them unless they think and act on sex lines? Imitating the manners of man will not bring about social reforms. Politics after this war will be a serious matter again. Grave things will have to be tackled. All kinds of economic problems will arise, demanding most serious thought. In the work of reconstruction women could play a vital part, but if they do not now fit themselves to assume responsibility assuredly their part will not be more than a contributory factor, as they will discover to their cost.

As the new woman is developing to-day, she seems to me to be drifting into a sex that is neither constructively man nor woman. She is getting selfish and non-motherly, and yet not enriching or deepening her own feminine character. On the contrary, she is creating a type or, rather, is dissociating herself from her type. Women have gone out into the world to work in such great numbers during the war that enormous changes in woman's position and outlook are inevitable. Women have done almost all that men do, and they know

all about it. That alone constitutes a little sex revolution. They will never go back. They have proved how hard they can work. A woman can respectfully say that women have shown themselves to be as good as men. What will it all end in?

The answer, of course, is human nature. We cannot alter that, and women will always be women and men always men. After the war there will be a quick and fierce reaction, but if women are not careful they will find themselves destined to work, while those who have fought will seek solace in less work than they ever did before. For many years after Armageddon hero-worship will persist, and man will once more be the soldier-hero of his women. That is not a good nursery for woman's self-development, and if, in addition, she continues to go out and work, man may choose to look on and encourage her, so assisting in the creation of a real neuter or drudge sex, which already seems to be in process of being.

The natural danger to women lies in imitation and extremism. We have our extremist lady-politicians; we already see our imitation ladies of the world. In both types the trend is similar. The women politicians ape the men politicians; the women free lances ape the man about town. In politics I am sure women could easily put up a dozen Lloyd Georges to every one that the men could find, and, no doubt, in time they could "paint the town" as well as any young man from the 'Varsity who ever strolled after a good dinner into the promenade of the Empire; but that kind of skill will not help women much.

But perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps men like the rabid platform extremist and the girl who talks slang as glibly as the low comedian, and perhaps women will vie with men on all counts, whether as three-quarter backs or light-weights, and babies will be a luxury. So much the worse for the race, that is all. In the meanwhile I submit that the "free" woman is losing dignity in her make-up of man's vulgarities, and with that is losing—charm. I further submit that the further she gets away from her own distinctive values and idiosyncrasies the less likely she is to approach to the intrinsic and creative side of man, which, in his case, does not lie "on his sleeve" or in his beard, as they say in France, but moves and gives token from within.

Landscape

By Iseult Gonne

The other morning I was walking back from the cliffs along the shore skirting the fringe of foam on the wet sands. It was already dusk. Clouds of blue and mauve lay amid greyness. The breeze was gently hesitating, as if a little tired. I walked fast, looking downwards. The foaming waves were advancing, retreating, over and again, with always the same inbreathing and outbreathing sound. This sent me into a kind of trance, and my mind was blank of thoughts.

It was stopped abruptly by a pool and had to look up and turn aside. What had happened of a sudden? What straying spirit had crept over the shore while I walked unawares? Why was every pulse in the air, every quiver in the water, throbbing with meaning?

And this odour, the odour of the sea, that salt scent that is incorporated with the wind and almost of the same nature; why was it now no longer a strong caress? Why was it that it had something more, something in it of the nature of speech? It was not like the cry of the blue hills in the distance that sigh faintly: "Come! In our distance, in our vagueness, a God is hidden!" but a close, encircling cry; and in myself a yearning came in answer—a yearning for a wilderness of fierce virginity, wind-swept, untrodden.

It was a scene of rocks and rolling clouds. The dangerous grey seemed to intimate to me that this was a land on which the sun must never shine. There was no growth of flowers or trees; no beasts, only white seagulls carried disconsolately on the winds under the clouds; and sometimes also, like an icy, burning flame, a seagull alighted on a peak, sat there motionless, and with radiant eyes gazed beyond the regions of space. It was not the gentle purity of lambs and daisies, but the awful whiteness which is to be found nowhere but in the heart of night.

And I thought fervidly, "To wash from onself the sweat of this earth, and its bad honey, this is the sight to dwell on." Then in my mind the vision obscured itself. And on my way back I thought, "I have been dreaming of one of the real gods."

The Room of Revelation

By Margaret Bell

THE room was in half-obscurity. I looked around to find a switch or gas-jet, a candle even. There was none. The doorkeeper noticed me looking about, and hobbled up.

"There is never any more light here than you see now. Each visitor is supposed to bring his own torch."

He was rather taciturn.

Someone came in. Quite a young man, I judged, from his figure, although his face was sallow and the cheeks and forehead heavily lined. He stood for a moment inside the door, frowning. There was something familiar about that frown. I seemed to have seen it before. He held the lantern which he carried high above his head, and began to walk slowly down the room, keeping very close to the wall.

I recognised him then. The deliberate, preoccupied slouch, the perpetual frown, the occasional nervous twitching of the eyebrows. He was a politician, a financier, a diplomatic wizard, one of the world's most successful men. I could not help speaking to him.

"What are you looking for?"

He jerked his head towards me, then jerked it away again. "Peace!" he shouted. "Peace of mind! It's the only thing I want. I've got everything else. It amused me to get them. But I haven't got peace, and that's what I want. I have an idea I can find it here. Do you know anything about it?"

He did not wait for me to answer, but went on around the room, peering into every cranny and corner.

I determined to question each person as he came in, so that I might find out the secrets the place was supposed to contain.

The next to enter was a woman—tall, elderly, distinguished. I noticed, when she held her lantern up, that there were tiny lines about her eyes, which were full of a

vague restlessness. I did not have to speak to her. She spoke to me, almost despairingly, I thought.

"Oh, if I only could find someone who would tell me if there is any more of me than this!"

She struck her breast two or three times, so that the chain which hung from her neck rattled a little

"For, you see, the beauty of this is fading. I feel that I am losing my grip on things. Is there nothing to compensate for all this loss? It isn't fair! There must be something else, or what's the use of it all? Why is it, when this goes, that so much more seems to go too? The power —that's it, power—— When that goes—— But I see you can't tell me. You are staring too. I suppose I must find out for myself."

She went on, quite quickly. Into her eyes had crept a look of fear.

An officer came in. I hesitated about addressing him. One does not question the military with impunity. He seemed dazed. Perhaps the dimness of the room worried him. To me it was becoming gradually more light, no doubt because I was becoming accustomed to it. I summoned my courage and went up to him.

"I wonder if I can help you to find what you are looking for?"

He looked sharply at me, a bit suspiciously, I thought. He did not answer at first, but stood scrutinising me. At length he laughed, not pleasantly.

"I wish to God you could! But I'm afraid I must find it for myself. You see, it's like this. I've just come back from over there. Funny thing, but I'm really trying to find out what I've been out there for. Oh, I don't mean the obvious reason; the platitudinous answers; the same old 'No annexations' jargon; the overthrow of Prussianism; the freedom of the seas and all that sort of thing; the thousand and one flag-waving reasons which are given. They don't go down with me. If the overthrow of Prussianism as it is to-day is going to mean the importation of Prussianism as it will be to-morrow, then that's not good enough. If we are 'hunting the wild boar of Germany' to bring home his tusks to put into the jaws of our own insular bulldog, then we're only imitators. What's the end of it all? The big scheme, I mean. I came back for a bit of quiet, but I tell you it's tame over there compared with here. The whole air is screaming with voices—

prophetic voices, threatening voices, voices of oil and voices of gall. Contention is so rampant that it amounts to contagion. What for? That's what I want to know?"

He strode off abruptly.

A great many people were coming in now. Men in priests' robes, judges, civil servants whose faces I knew, pale-faced men in out-at-elbow garments, professors, propagandists.

Two figures in tall hats and very expansive waistcoats, talking in very loud voices, looked in at the door for a moment, then turned and walked away.

"Ugh, what a morgue!" one of them said. "Gives me the hump! Let's go on to the club."

I was curious about the ecclesiastical figure in a long purple robe. He walked slowly, his head bowed so that his ponderous chin sank on to his chest. What he was seeking he evidently expected to find on the floor. He came upon me as if by accident, rather than my own design. He saw the questioning in my own face. I have not been able to overcome this yet. As if I had spoken to him, he answered me in a low, murmurous monotone, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Yes, it's courage I seek. And it is not easy to find. Not easy. Courage to tell them that it is all a sham. Further and further from the original idea every day. Too much competition. Yes, it's competition. And show. Gilt and glamour and incense and gold-embroidered robes. No fisherman's blouse about it. No humility. No altruism. All show and fat treasuries. And conformity with what they expect. Not with what might be individual. There's none of that. No courage of convictions. All snobbishness and distinguished members. Time for a change. These *séances* and new thought and mystic quests. It has not been enough. Too scholastic. No spirit of prophecy. No simplicity. No sincerity. Jean d'Arc was a prophet, and they burnt her. Ever since then they've been going from bad to worse. We must begin simply. Burn all the gilt and glitter, if need be. Things must come gradually. But it takes courage. Can I find it? I must go on trying."

A young girl, with a laughing face and very serious eyes, could not fail to attract the attention. She was wearing some sort of uniform or other. I happened to be

near the door when she came in. The doorkeeper proved pleasantly garrulous this time.

"First time I've seen her here. Not often such young ones come in."

She heard him, and turned quickly. For a moment she was overcome by the self-consciousness which is natural to her age. She spoke—half-apologetically, I imagined.

"It is the first time I've ever been here, but I've been wanting to come for quite a long time. Ever since I started to work. The funny thing about it is that I don't know what I came in to find. It's a queer place, isn't it? Murky and dim. I'm hoping, when I do find it, whatever it is, that I'll know it."

"You'll be very fortunate if you do," escaped my lips.

She looked frightened.

"Do you mean to say that sometimes one does not? That they go on looking for years, perhaps? That would be dreadful!"

"You're very young yet."

"Oh, yes, but I couldn't bear it! Always waiting. Always expecting something. I don't know what—but it makes me feel so restless. If I could write or sing or paint, it might help. But sometimes I feel that I'd burst. Do tell me that—that you don't really think I may never know what it is."

Her look was so pleading that I did my best to reassure her—the usual age-worn phrases.

There were other women there, too, leaders in charitable works, an actress or two. Their faces were familiar to me. Mothers and wives and sisters; and those who were not wives, but were mothers; and others who would be mothers in a very short time. Pained faces and painted faces; the smart and the unsmart; bondwomen; parasites; Pharisees.

I left them at length, and stood in the doorway, looking back. Night was beginning to come down.

"There's a lot of them, ain't there?" the doorkeeper said. "Lately they've been coming in swarms. All sorts and ages. Never saw so many before."

"Thank God for that!" I said to myself. He must have heard me, though, for I could feel his eyes piercing my back as I went toward the street.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

SINCE these notes last appeared the most important event in the musical world has been the loss it sustained by the death of Claude Debussy on March 26th. In the interval much has been written concerning both the man and his works, but, except in those articles in which sentiment predominates, there has been a curious reluctance to give the full measure of his importance to the music of to-day and of to-morrow. The tendency has been to assess his comparatively small legacy of acknowledged masterpieces and deal somewhat cavalierly with the rest of his life's work on the ground that he had become in later years nothing more than an imitator of his own earlier efforts. I do not think that historical criticism will endorse this exclusive judgment. After Debussy had initiated us into his extremely personal mode of expression it was scarcely possible that the same form of musical utterance should ever again impress us with the same freshness and novelty. On his first appearance as a composer he stood for that quality which the landscape gardener in one of Peacock's novels describes as the unexpected, and criticism has not so far coined a word to describe that quality the second time one meets it, but that does not signify the end of its appeal. If it did, no musical work, after the listener has once thoroughly apprehended it, ought ever to have a second hearing, for obviously the quality of the unexpected will by then have disappeared from it. If this attitude became general it would be a great day for the contemporary composer, who would have a clear field, but we should lose a great deal of very fine music.

The position which musical history will assign to Debussy will be not that of a classic, like Beethoven, and still less that of a decadent, like Richard Strauss. It will be that of a primitive, like Monteverde. He was a pioneer of a new form of musical expression which will probably take as long to reach full deployment as any of its predecessors. Given, for argument's sake, the same potential creative energy in a classic and in a primitive, it is obvious that the significative output of the former must outweigh that of the latter. Whereas the

classic finds a strong idiom bequeathed to him by his predecessors, the primitive has to create his at the cost of much mental activity which the classic applies to the creation of masterpieces. One cannot satisfactorily estimate the importance of such a man by the number of his works which are added permanently to the repertoire. Judged by such a standard the name of Monteverde himself would be struck out of musical history. The most superficial acquaintance with programme literature will show how small a proportion of the music performed to-day is the work of the great innovators of the past, but it is the province of the critic to do justice to the innovators, without whom music could not have attained to its present high state of development. In failing to render this service to Debussy's memory they are betraying a lack of the historical sense, which should be inseparable from the critical faculty.

From that to determining the precise nature of Debussy's innovations is a far step which it is perhaps hazardous to take as yet. One feature of them may, however, be brushed aside. It is unlikely that history will assign special importance to Debussy on account of his mannerisms. It is not as the exploiter of the tonal scale, or of the chord which was solemnly cursed by Saint-Saëns, that he will be honoured in future annals. These were merely elements in his musical vocabulary, which it is not disrespectful to term a limited one—so limited, in fact, that one can, without detriment to his memory, concede to his critics that he came perilously near to exhausting it. His importance derives from sources which lie beyond the mere morphology of music, and even extend beyond its syntax. In a brief note it is impossible to give it an accurate definition, but, superficially speaking, one may say that he gave the first convincing proof that the formal beauty of music did not reside solely in the shapes constructed upon a basis of tonality—in short, that it was possible to achieve order without centralised unity, and that a selective arrangement could be as satisfying to the æsthetic sense as one constructed by logic. It was, of course, open to his detractors to say that the difference between order, when governed by taste alone, and arbitrary disorder, was a matter of opinion, but even the most reactionary of them were unable to deny his possession of a singularly acute musical taste, remarkable even in a nation whose general high level of taste is gratefully acknowledged by the whole of the Western world. One can readily admit that, without taste, artistic freedom is liable to degenerate into licence, but that is an argument, not against freedom, but

against bad taste. Knowing what we do of the Germans and their art, we might almost risk the hypothesis that the reason why they have clung, not only in music, but everywhere, so long and so tenaciously to constructional forms is that they were subconsciously aware of their lack of taste, and preferred to pin their faith to something safer. Their civilisation is considerably younger than the Gallo-Roman culture of France, and one need not be an expert biologist to assume that taste may be as much the product of cumulative heredity as any other racial characteristic.

It is by reasserting the dignity of æsthetic selection that Debussy has rendered signal service to the art of music. It is not an unmixed blessing, for, once the principle had found acceptance, men of far less refinement than himself were quick to urge it in defence of music which was lamentably lacking in the very qualities which are the only possible substitute for constructive form. It is not easier, but infinitely more difficult, to achieve formal beauty without the assistance of a set formal principle. It is, for instance, much more difficult to clothe a poetic idea in prose than in verse, but that has never prevented inferior writers from rushing into the harder medium in the belief that it gave them more scope. Similarly, inferior musicians, in their glee at learning that the discipline of tonality was no longer indispensable, have quite overlooked that the discipline of taste is infinitely harder to acquire. And that explains a great deal of post-Debussy music, for which there is no justification to be found in the works of the master himself.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Religion of the Russian Revolution

By Lancelot Lawton

To the average Western mind Russia is to-day more of an enigma than she was before the Revolution. Russia bound hand and foot was necessarily different from ourselves. We could understand that. But we ask ourselves, How does it come about that free Russia has not followed the sure path which we have trod, the path of "constitutional liberty"? Only one conclusion is believed to be possible: Russia is drunk with her dreams, and experience must sober her before she settles down to orderly political development. It was so with all peoples, and it must be so with the Russians. This conclusion is hardly a comforting one, for it implies the conviction that the Russian Revolution can achieve no other object than that of bringing Russia up to the level of Western nations; that, in other words, it cannot possibly effect any great change in the world. Russian idealism will, therefore, so we think, subside into a modern State system, expressed through the usual medium of a Parliamentary talking shop, and that will mark the end of revolution and the resumption of the normal course of evolution. The Western mind, saturated as it is with political intoxicants and warped by tradition, cannot conceive any other issue save this. Not even the cataclysm of world-wide war has led it as yet seriously to contemplate an alternative to its political prescriptions, or, for the matter of that, even to realise that all such prescriptions are bound to be failures. It is hardly surprising, therefore, to find that nowhere is it understood that the Russian Revolution is not merely political, but is in fact profoundly religious. Here we see revealed the true source of that universal idealism which renders Russia at present so unintelligible to all Western minds.

To the average Russian revolution is religion—religion to be practised not only in his own country, but wherever

he may happen to be throughout the world. He is not so much a propagandist in the ordinary sense in which that term is understood as he is a fervent disciple. The whole history and tendency of the Russian Revolution affords proof of the truth of these assertions. In the first place, the Revolution was only rendered possible at all because it was permeated with the pure spirit of martyrdom. The distinctive character and constructive religious purpose of the Revolution, moreover, is evident in its drastic social and economic aims. Boldly it attempts to get beyond the mere political compromises which have hitherto resulted from all European revolutions. In other words, it takes up the tragedy of universal freedom where the French Revolution left it off; it is, indeed, the continuation, and well may prove to be the end, of European revolution. In so far as it seeks universal expression it is spiritual in its inspiration. The ideal which it sets before the world is nothing less than a new religious realisation: Socialism without a State. Such an ideal could only have come into the minds of a truly religious people like the Russians. With us religion is politics, and the Church has become the State. In Russia, it is true, very much the same thing as this last has happened. There, the Church has been absorbed by the State. But between Russia and the West there was this difference: that in Russia the masses were not permitted to have any participation in the State—a circumstance which conferred great spiritual gain upon them—whereas the politically educated peoples of the West to a large extent compromised their spiritual welfare by a too close association with the State. The result is that even to-day, when all men are more or less disappointed with existing things, we in the West still put our trust in the State—a more perfect development of the State than at present exists, it is true, but none the less in the State and in a League of States as the sovereign remedy for the evils from which humanity is suffering to-day. We still look at the problem from the egoistic and material aspect, fearing all the while to act courageously, lest we may lose what we already possess. We know, of course, that we will have to make some sacrifices. We also realise that Religion has gone over to the State. It is for that reason we have abandoned Religion, but still we cling to the State. We are ready, it is true, to make some surrender of individualism, but always on the distinct understanding that it is within the larger individualism of the State. Certainly we are incapable of comprehending

the meaning of the Russian ideal—Socialism without the State. The truth, I repeat, is that our way of thinking is purely political, while that of the Russian is essentially religious or mystic. Where at least Russia and the West are united is in the recognition that there is urgent need for action of some kind, and that such action cannot be expected from orthodox religion. The simultaneous collapse of the Church in East and West has a deep significance, and is to be ascribed to the same causes : the exclusively spiritual interpretation which the Church gave to Christianity, and its consequent isolation from the people, its teaching that man must be content, no matter what his lot in life might be, accompanied by general despair of doing anything to better the world, and a pathetic dependence upon the promise of meeting with justice in the Hereafter. "Both in Russia and the West the masses, weary of the inequalities and sufferings attendant upon the existing system, have begun to take their destiny into their own hands. What is now happening throughout the world is consequently in the nature of a Religious Revolution which has been in preparation during 2,000 years of historical Christianity, and such revolution consists in a serious attempt to replace false Christianity by real Christianity. In the West there is a danger that this attempt may be largely thwarted by those materialistic tendencies which have affected all classes of the community, and which have developed the worst kind of individualism—struggling and selfish individualism—the logical outcome of which is the modern State. An economic reorganisation without too much soul is, perhaps, all that we can look forward to in Western Europe. In Russia, because of the naturally religious and communal instincts of the masses, we can expect more. Here an individualism has been retained which is by no means anti-social in character, an individualism aiming at that interior perfection from which alone can come the solution of the antimony of the individual and society. The result is that in Russia we find the only instinctive universal people in the world. For that reason they are unfitted to make war, and are unable to organise a State after the model of other European States. This universalism of the Russians has its origin in the simple faith of the peasant, which, as we have seen, is Christianity undiluted by political expediency. The mind of the *Moujiks* is entirely devoid of any trace of anti-foreign feeling. They look upon all men as their brothers and as fellow-workers in the task of getting in the harvest. Their attitude towards the State was one of

submission; it was certainly not obedience. But such attitude, sublime though it be, is not the result of complete self-realisation; in other words, the peasant is not incorruptible. Tolstoy was inspired by the faith of the *Moujiks*, but he thought that such faith to be firm must come about through complete self-realisation. All other Russian thinkers have been concerned, each in their own way, in trying to find active expression for the passive universalism of the peasants' faith. This, too, was the unconscious aim of revolutionary Russia. Despising ecclesiastical Christianity, the *intelligentsia* took refuge in an atheism which in reality was more sincerely Christianity than orthodox Christianity. In the deep interior of its will the Russian *intelligentsia* had its full share of that religious mysticism which lies hidden in the soul of every Russian. It is, as I have said, this religious mysticism which gave the Revolution its universal ideal, and which inspired it with a passionate spirit of sacrifice such as certainly could not have been called into being had the movement remained in the narrow circle of politics. Hence it is that the Russians have courageously gone whither their ideas have led them. They are, perhaps, the only people in Europe who could do this. For they are the only people who, having no history and no tradition to restrain them, have preserved their soul and are searching for something for which they can lose their soul. Thus they are the only people who have any religion left, and who believe that the last word of human freedom will come not from science, not from politics, but from religion. For them there is nothing in the present; all is in the future. Who can deny that the consequences of such faith will be of immense importance to the world?

At present we find it difficult to understand the Russians. *The reason is that we are politicians, and they are mystics.* We love the medium; they the extremes. We cannot imagine Society without a State. We, too, are tired of orthodox religion, but we are hoping to find salvation in scientific Socialism while still retaining the State. The Russians are under no such illusions. When faced with the blank walls of orthodoxy and anarchy they recklessly make their choice, and proceed to break their heads against the walls of anarchy. It is true that many leaders of the Russian Revolution have come into contact with Western schools of Socialistic thought, but in interpreting this thought we see that they are influenced by their own instinctive anarchic tendencies as well as by those of the masses, and throughout it all the spirit of Russia,

no matter how oppressed it may be, remains true to its universal ideals.

When the Western peoples have done all that it is possible to do with the State, when they have developed it to the fullest extent of Socialism, and still find a solution lacking, then only will they begin to understand the high spiritual and philosophic ideals of Russian anarchy, then only will they recognise that these ideals are the revelation of the Christian faith in its purest form. I make use of the word "revelation" in all seriousness, for I feel that in the Russian people alone will be found that revelation for which the world is waiting. There are many signs to prove the truth of this statement. The real leaders of Russia have never been hypnotised by the scientific advancement and exterior culture of the West. Always they have seen that this advancement and culture was accompanied by a relentless struggle of individual against individual, which in turn perverted the national idea, and was bound sooner or later to result in general ruin. In spite of all the outward impressiveness of Western activity, they saw that mediævalism still survived at the heart of things, that in reality the spirit was paralysed, and Europe itself was passing swiftly into decay. Again and again their leaders spoke of European civilisation as "a sleeping princess in a glass coffin," and they were determined that Russia should never go the way of Europe. They were determined, I said, but in truth they knew instinctively that Russia could not follow Europe, because they realised that Russia had what Europe lacked—religious ideals. These Russian thinkers were the real prophets of the age—not prophets as we regard men who foretold the coming of the European war, but prophets whose words were the result of spiritual realisation, and who saw the real significance and immensity of the tragedy which was about to overwhelm the world. Let us quote a few sentences from these pages of Russian prophecy.

"I think that at present—at this very time," wrote Tolstoy, "the life of the Christian nations is near the limit dividing the old epoch which is ending from the new which is beginning. I think now at this very time that great revolution has begun which for almost two thousand years has been preparing in all Christendom." Dostoevsky said that Europe was on the verge of a general, universal, and terrible catastrophe. To him this catastrophe appeared as inevitable. He scornfully refused to place reliance upon the wisdom of statesmen or to put his trust in Parliaments. After saying that the

proletarian was "in the street," he asked the question—"Do you think he will wait and starve in patience, as he used to do?" And his answer was "that they would hurl themselves on Europe, and that all the old things would crumble for ever." Herzen, too, declared that Russia could not be content with the worn-out mediæval forms which she found existing there. Bakunin towards the end had a vision that universal revolution was bound to come. Kropotkin, who is now apprehensive at the realisation of his own prophecies, declared that when the revolutionary situation ripened, which "may happen any day," the people would abolish private property by a violent expropriation. "They will," he went on, "exchange their hovels for healthy dwellings in the houses of the rich; they will organise themselves to turn to immediate use what is stored up in the towns as if it had never been stolen from them by the middle class." Rozanov says all Western political history is the repression of the weak by the strong, and speaks always of the "tortured and bitter West." Merezhkovsky predicted the coming advent of universal Socialism, and said that the future belonged to scientific and philosophic anarchism. Sooner or later, he declared, it will be necessary for Europe to come into contact with either the Russian Revolution or with Russian anarchy. His terrible words have a deep significance for the world at the present moment. "What is happening now in Russia," he wrote as far back as 1908, "is a dangerous game not only for Russians, but for all Europeans. You Europeans look intently upon us; you follow the Russian Revolution with anxiety, but not closely enough; what is happening among us is more terrible than it seems to you; we are burning—there is no doubt about it—but will we burn alone? Will we not set you on fire? About this there is some doubt. The exterior events of our turmoil are known to Europe, but not its interior sense. Europe sees the moving body, but not the soul of the Russian Revolution. The soul of the Russian people and the Russian Revolution remains for Europe an eternal enigma. The right and left hand do not meet on one surface; in order that they can do so it is necessary that they be turned over. What you have got we have got, but on the reverse side. We are you on the reverse side. What Kant would call your phenomena is our transcendental. Nietzsche would say you are Apollo, we are Dionysus. The measure of your genius is limited, ours limitless. . . . You have your present City, and we are searching for the coming City. You, on the last stage of your

liberty, remain Imperial, and we in the interior of our slavery are rebels and anarchists. For you politics is knowledge; for us, religion. In reason and feeling very often we go to the absolute rejection, and in the deeper interior of our will we are mystics. To understand this it is not enough to read about it; it is necessary to live through us. It is difficult and terrible, more terrible than you think. We are your danger. We are the fang of Satan-in-God given into your flesh. The last sense of the Russian Revolution remains not understood without understanding its mystic sense. Revolution is religion. All deeds of the devil—falsehoods and the killing of men—are covered by the name of God. For the revolutionary ordinary religion is reaction. The Russian Revolution is not only political, but religious; that is what it is difficult for a European to understand, for whom religion itself was long ago politics. You judge by yourselves. It seems to you that we are going through the natural illness of growth, like all European peoples. Let them sow their wild oats and then they will reject Socialism and anarchism, and will be satisfied with the old constitutional shops of the bourgeois democratic middle way. It has been so everywhere, and it will be so with you. Probably it would be if we had not been the reverse of you, if we had not that transcendentalism which makes us break our head against the wall. . . . The Russian Revolution will not stop at a constitutional monarchy or at any of those old Parliamentary shops. . . . The Russian Revolution is universal. When you Europeans will understand this you will rush to put out the fire; but be on your guard. You will not put us out, but we will set you on fire. Socialism without the State is a new religious realisation and activity, new religious unity of individual and society—limitless freedom and limitless love. Real powerlessness is real God power. These words are enigmatic, but let them remain so. . . . We address ourselves not to bourgeois European societies, but only to separate individuals possessed of the highest universal culture, who realise, with Nietzsche, that the State is the coldest of all monsters. We believe that sooner or later we will reach the masses, and that this immense voice of the Russian Revolution will send over European cemeteries the trumpet of the archangel announcing terrible judgment and resurrection of the dead."

Thus all Russian thinkers foresaw clearly the collapse of European civilisation; that is to say, of false ecclesiastical

Christianity, and the coming of universal revolution which was to aim at establishing on earth real Christianity. This real Christianity was to be the philosophic and spiritual anarchy which Tolstoy taught. Before, however, such ideal could be advanced there was to come a new struggle, not of State against State, but of the individual against the State of universal Socialism. At present it is only among the Russian people that we find individuals ready for this struggle. Such individuals are the real supermen of the future, if the term "supermen" can be used at all to describe them. They are individuals like Dostoevsky's Aloysha. In them survives the character of the legendary saints, but, unlike the saints of old, they do not hide themselves from the world, shunning temptation, but go out among the people to do good by the example of the lives which they lead. They are the true artists of the future, men who find self-expression in conduct and action, not merely in words and colours. When all men are like them the ideal of a State—that is, a Church—will have been realised, and the Kingdom of God will have come on earth.

The essence of Russian faith is belief that the revelation of Christianity is social salvation as distinct from the doctrines of ecclesiastical Christianity, which stops at individual salvation. In order that social salvation may be accomplished it is essential that European civilisation, based upon a false Christianity, should first destroy itself. That is now taking place, and already we see signs of the appearance of true Christianity, the revelation of which is to come from Russia. Such revelation is simply this—that the will of the Father shall be done on earth as well as in Heaven; in other words, the accomplishment of the union of heaven and earth. Here we have the ideal behind the Russian Revolution, and because of this ideal the Russian Revolution will prove to be irresistible. What is happening now throughout the world is equal in importance to the events which occurred at the time of Christ and after. The Russian Revolution may be said to herald the second coming of Christ and to promise anew the triumph of eternal truth. Rome ended, but not the world. We must not look for the coming end of the world, but only for the end of the false civilisation of Europe and the beginning of the world in the dawning light of true Christianity, the revelation of which will come again out of the East—out of Russia.

A Problem in Education

By Clemence Dane

Between the two extremes of opinion, between the professors and theorists, the headmasters and mistresses and the teachers of our schools—between, that is to say, the experts and the indifferent general public, there is a large body of men and women, drawn from all sections of society, who might be called the Rosa Dartles of the educational world—the restless, dissatisfied, inquiring, inquisitive men and women (chiefly women) who have not the time or the inclination, or perhaps the brain, to become really expert, but who are, nevertheless, genuinely, if fitfully, interested in education and its problems—people, in short, who "want to *know*, you know."

And at the root of their interest is, I believe, the fact that they are not quite grown-up—because intelligent people never do quite stop growing—and that they, therefore, have not completely lost their sense of membership with their old school. On some people—on such people—their school, whether they loved or hated it, has made an extraordinarily deep and lasting impression. It takes them a decade or more to emerge from the opinions and interests and outlook of those half-dozen years—it is to be doubted if they ever completely do so. Indeed, I can think of friends, whose opinions I do greatly value, who will occasionally baffle and disillusion me by a view utterly at variance with their own character, and nearly always I can trace it back to its source and realise that it is quotation—unconscious quotation—of the paramount personality of their schooldays.

> "Far and sure our bands are gone
> Hy-Brazil and Babylon——"

but the glamour, for some of us, never fades.

Now such people, just because they remember so clearly, because they have this strong, home-sick loyalty to their old school, are intensely critical. It is the people who forget easily who are inclined to say: "What was good enough for me is good enough for my children." The people who remember, who are really proud of their school, want it, and, by impli-

cation, all schools, to be just as good as can be, and—they have not only gratitude, they have grievances. They remember stupidities, abuses. What they have learned does not always square, they discover, with what life teaches. They ask, Why not? They insist that they could have more than once been saved confusion, if not shipwreck, if someone had had the courage or the prevision to warn them when they were school children of what they might come up against in later life. They are inclined to suggest that books and learning and games are not the only, are not even the principal, objects of education. And so, with a vagueness that must madden the expert, they demand improvement. They meet kindred spirits and sit over the fire of an evening, recollecting old times, exchanging indignation and devising reforms. They generally end by remarking that they jolly well mean to see that *their* children sha'n't miss this, or go through that, when they go to school. And then they feel better and change the subject. They're busy people, and, after all, education isn't *their* business!

Yet surely the opinion of all these people, the mass of evidence that their accumulated recollection presents, should be of some value to the experts, particularly when they are examining and trying to find a solution for one of the oldest and most puzzling problems in existence.

It is a problem that is extraordinarily difficult to put into words. To begin with, public opinion (if we exclude the experts and the comparatively few interested outsiders) does not at present recognise that any problem exists. Either it assumes—in the case of girls—that the whole question can be dismissed with a shrug and a laugh as an inevitable and harmless manifestation of adolescence, or—if the talk is of boys' schools—it brands the whole problem as "vice," and, therefore, unmentionable, unknowable, by decent people. It makes it almost impossible for ordinary folk, who have not the protection of their own authority as teachers or doctors or professors of education, to discuss this problem, and to say honestly and openly what they have heard and seen and thought about it. And yet, like every other problem that affects the whole community, it is not until the whole community has its definite thoughts and opinions and knowledge of that problem that it can be solved. The experts bring the results of their experience and say, "Here—and here—and here—are ways out," but it remains for the people as a whole to decide which of those ways it will take, or whether

it prefers to stay as it is. It follows, therefore, that the hesitating interest, the opinions that are not final, and the conclusions that the experts can probably prove false, of such of the public as are interested are as much to be respected as the words of the thinkers and seers, because it is the general public that is the ultimate court of appeal, and for the good of the general public that the thinkers and seers work.

And it is the point of view of this interested, inexpert public that I, as one of it, am trying in the following pages to define. It may be full of fallacies and misconceptions, but as a point of view it does definitely exist. And so—what is the average outsider's conception of this problem in education, of its probable cause, of its possible solution? What, to begin with, is all the trouble about? What do we imagine the problem to be?

We know, of course, that it is a very old one, that in one form or another it has engaged the attention of thinking men and women from the days of Plato onward. We know how great its heights can be, and how base its depths. But the use and abuse of friendship between man and man, and woman and woman, is not, or is only indirectly, under discussion here. We are concerned with this problem as it propounds itself in the schools; and in the schools, perhaps significantly, it has no name—is only recognised by a slang phrase. In America it is "a crush." Over here it is known as "a G.P.," as "being keen," "being gone," "being crazy," "being cracked," "being mad upon someone." Wise elders speak of it as "sentimental measles." In Germany, where it is a great deal bigger problem than one hopes it will ever be here, they call it *Schwärmerei*. And as that one elastic word includes hysteria, enthusiasm, hero-worship, dreaminess, fanaticism, extravagant devotion, exaltation, visionary raving, bees about to swarm, dissipation, ecstasy, and a few hundred other things, it does really cover the subject so thoroughly that I can't help occasionally using the word, unpatriotic though that may be.

But *Schwärmerei* in plain English is this—that girls of thirteen and onward at day-schools, and still more at boarding-schools, do not only form normal and wholesome friendships with children of their own age, but that they are easily moved to a sort of hero-worship of an older girl or woman, which, not always, but very often, develops into a wild, overmastering passion of affection that directly affects their health and happiness, and indirectly their whole future; that is to say, it is

possible for a normal, healthy girl, before she is either physically or mentally ripe for it, to fall in love, to go through all the nerve-shattering emotions proper to such a state of mind, and to suffer even more than an older woman in the same situation, because she has no idea of what is the matter with her, and because there is no possibility of her affection being satisfactorily returned.

This is more or less how it happens. A child—not a genius or an infant prodigy, but an affectionate, intelligent girl of eleven or twelve—is sent to school. For the next six or seven years it engrosses her whole attention. It is her place of business, her plunge into the big world. Her home is a safe, prosy background. She is in a week as impatient of its codes and its securities as any young creature "on its own" for the first time would be.

Now, as everyone knows, there is a certain amount of discomfort in schooldays. A child is "up against" her own rawness and ignorance, against the aggression of her schoolfellows, against the discipline and the absence of attention and petting, and in the boarding-school there is generally the added misery of homesickness. However happy-tempered she may be there will certainly be times when she is very grateful for a kind word or a show of interest. She instinctively does not look for that from her schoolfellows—children are not particularly kind to newcomers. She knows perfectly well that she has to establish her place in the school cosmos by her own character and efforts. She does not think this out in any way, but subconsciously she knows it, the school atmosphere impresses it upon her. There remain, as equivalents of the grown-ups at home, the mistresses. And we can be pretty sure that one or other of the mistresses, by accidentally aroused interest, from a sense of duty, or sheer kindness, will sooner or later take some special notice of the child. Naturally, it is her business and her pleasure to look after her pupils.

But it is not so natural to the child. It does not strike the child in that light at all. For it does not come as the inevitable sympathy and interest of a mother or an aunt, that a girl takes as a matter of course, but as a gift from the gods. One of the gods—one of the Olympians from whom there is no appeal, who have the right to order you about, to be as sarcastic, or as strict, or as awe-inspiring as they please—has deliberately chosen to be nice to you! We must admit that it is, from the child's point of view, a striking circumstance.

Now children are grateful creatures and extremely impressionable. We know how they dream, how they love stories, how easily they are fired and excited. Now let us imagine such a grateful child, very full of some little act of kindness—the affair of a smile, or a glance, or a bit of good advice—attending classes under this particular mistress. Imagine this mistress a good teacher; imagine her giving a history lesson on, say, Mary Queen of Scots. At the end of the lesson how much, can we suppose, of that glamorous personality remains distinct in the child's mind from that of the mistress who tells the story? The association of ideas is almost inevitable. A mistress opens the gates of knowledge, gives the young mind its first glimpse of all the wonderful and beautiful things that there are in the world, and *therefore* she herself becomes to that young mind the most brilliant and profound and strange and adorable mixture of angel and encyclopædia that ever existed. To the girl she *is* what she teaches. Nor is the adorer disturbed by the fact that in the eyes of the girl at the next desk her idol is "a harmless old thing," or possibly "a sarcastic pig." She is merely sorry for anyone who cannot appreciate perfection at its proper worth. She can, anyhow, and she shows the mistress so very plainly. There is nothing like the eloquence of a child's eyes.

That is the first stage; and a very naïve and charming stage it is. I do not see how any mistress can be blamed for enjoying that exquisitely delicate reward of her hard daily work. To encourage the growth of a new creature, to watch it stumbling and fumbling as we have done in our time, and to be allowed to help it out, and laugh at it, and feel that it turns to us in everything, must be an extraordinary pleasure. It is, from either point of view, such a delightful relationship that we can well understand that both the teacher and the child would be as much hurt as horrified if it were suggested to them that there could possibly be any harm in it. Harm? Ridiculous! And I understand that in boys' schools, where the problem, different as its manifestations are, is fundamentally the same, the children are apt to show the same indignant feeling if their friendship with each other is thwarted or supervised. Where on earth is the harm?

Well, of course, in the first stage it is quite harmless, and when, as in five cases out of ten, it stops there, it remains harmless; better still, it is a good and mutually stimulating alliance. But in the other five cases it arrives very rapidly at the second stage.

In part it is doubtless the mistress's fault. It was Edward Bowen who said:—

"*In the effort to control the spirit of a pupil, to make our own approval his test, and mould him by the stress of our own pressure—in the ambition to do this, the craving for moral power and visible guiding, the subtle pride of effective agency, lie some of the chief temptations of a schoolmaster's work.*"

And that, surely, is what the teacher is inclined, unconsciously of course, to do. She manages, without meaning it, to deprive the child of its sense of freedom. Its fearless and friendly opposition of its own individuality to that of the teacher is swamped in what Emerson calls *a mush of concession.* It feels that much is expected of it, and it feels, too, that it must think as the teacher thinks, and rather enjoys that sense of coercion. And here we have the first definite sign of the change in the relationship. For that sense of pleasure in a surrender of personality is not an attribute of friendship, but of love.

But even then, where's the harm?

Well, first of all, there's the question of health.

Nobody watching a girl who has arrived at the second stage of such an attachment could possibly pretend that it is good for her, physically or morally. On such a point, of course, the home people are the best, in fact, the only reliable, witnesses. At her school, where a girl has only been known a year or two, slight changes in her habits and temperament are naturally less noticeable. But mothers know what a painful difference can be made in a girl in a few short weeks. That she overworks, eats badly, sleeps badly, has fits of hysterical crying, and so on, a girl can generally keep to herself, or, if she does show traces of it physically, it is generally assumed that she is overgrowing her strength. But the change in her character is less easily accounted for. She becomes erratic, her manner is exaggerated, affected and jumpy. She grows extremely inconsiderate, and for a time really seems to feel very little affection for her own people. She loses all sense of proportion, becomes hyper-sensitive to praise and blame, is sentimental and silly; in short, goes to pieces altogether.

It is curious, but it nearly always happens that when that third stage has been reached her state of mind suddenly seems to become public property. She is alternately laughed at, bullied, sympathised with, or questioned into a sort of emotional self-importance that is shockingly bad for her.

Occasionally the situation is complicated by religious enthusiasm. The sanest incident in the whole business to me is that the poor girl has generally by this time completely alienated, if not the cause, at least the evoker of the whole trouble—the mistress whom she admires.

After that crisis has been reached she seems to recover her poise a little. She is not happy, but she no longer publicly makes a fool of herself. In due time she leaves school, acquires fresh interests, and in a year or two has apparently forgotten the whole business.

And that being so, does it greatly matter? Is this phase of her adolescence worth discussion?

She has been silly, and she has got over it. She and the hundreds of children like her have become quite normal members of society. And so, why worry our heads?

But there is one fact that we overlook—that though such a girl has merely made a fool of herself, she has nevertheless in most cases suffered atrociously in the process.

All the sillinesses in which she indulges are, only too often, merely the symptoms of an unrest, a fever, a trouble so great that it has escaped her control. For a girl of fifteen will go through the same agonies of jealousy and hope and disappointment and longing that an older woman experiences in a love entanglement, and the fact that she does not understand herself, that she is invariably either laughed at or pretty sternly checked if she shows what she is feeling only adds to her very real misery.

I remember a child saying to me once: "But why is everyone down on me? I can't help it. I didn't want to feel like this. It just came!"

Now it is easy, of course, absolutely to deny the accuracy of such a sketch of this phase of a girl's life at school. But, excluding as I do every case where I have known that the mistress is really to blame, or that the child was abnormal or in bad health, and drawing on what, in one who is not a teacher, is a rather more than average acquaintance with schoolgirls, I can only say that I have come across such endless cases of the kind that I am forced to believe that it is a real and urgent problem of school life. But, acknowledging the facts to be more or less fairly stated, can it be said that such emotional experiences are good for young girls—good for their minds or good for their bodies? Surely nobody who takes the trouble to look at the matter seriously, who does not dismiss it as "schoolgirl silliness," would want

their own daughter to go through such cruel, such degrading suffering if it can be possibly avoided, however trivial its manifestations may appear to outsiders.

Now the question arises at once—Is such suffering unavoidable? Is it inevitable? Is this queer, youthful derangement a law of Nature, an experience that every normal woman goes through? Or is it the result of wrong training?

Which brings us back to the beginning again with the question—What in reality is it?

What is the cause? What is working, unknown to themselves, in these children's minds and bodies, and showing itself in such odd and bewildering ways?

Surely the answer is—sex.

Now, a great many people will at once exclaim that the awakening of the sex feeling, the interest of a boy in a girl and a girl in a boy, can have nothing in common with the comradeship of women and women and men and men: and they would probably clinch their argument by pointing out that the girls who grow most passionately attached to an older woman are the ones who are least friendly with boys, and that such girls very often never show in their after life any interest in men at all. Finally and indignantly they would say that it is grossly insulting to suggest that these in many cases lasting and noble friendships should even partly have their origin in an impulse which they evidently consider disgraceful.

And is not that attitude at the root of part, at least, of the trouble? So many people are ashamed and afraid of sex. People still let their children grow up without any guidance whatever on the subject. They will not answer their questions. They will not explain their difficulties. They shuffle and prevaricate and evade, and all they succeed in doing is to heighten and intensify and render morbid a child's natural and inevitable curiosity. What is the use of quieting children with lies? The "enfant terrible" of tradition is terrible because it *half* knows. But there is always something calming and satisfying about the truth. That does not mean, of course, hurling unnecessary facts at an incurious baby, but only that if a child is old enough to be worried and disturbed by its own ignorance that it is also old enough to have explained, simply and generously, the facts that puzzle it and the future in store for it. Judicious teaching on the subject—the use, for instance, of such a little book as Madame Jarintsov's *How We 'Are Born*—would not make a child

precocious, but rather, by removing the spur of intermittent curiosity, keep it simple-minded and more truly innocent than its uninformed and inquisitive contemporaries. And certainly, if we admit that sex has anything to do with the problem under discussion, such teaching would be of very great help in solving it.

But can we prove it?

Well, it is difficult to prove anything absolutely; but we can prove that the problem presents itself first and chiefly at the time when a child is physically becoming a woman, when in some countries, and in our own not so long ago, she would be already betrothed, if not married; that the similar problem in boys' schools is unquestionably due to that cause; and that, mentally at least, the experience is practically identical with the ill-starred love affairs of later life.

And by acknowledging that sex is at the root of the trouble we at least clear the ground; we at least admit that all these boys and girls, instead of being "silly" or "abnormal" or "wicked," or whatever we choose to call it, are following as well as civilisation will let them the laws of their being; that is to say, their state of mind is not perverse, but reasonable. They are with Nature, not against her, and if things go wrong they must in common justice be considered not knaves and fools, but victims.

But victims of what?

Certainly not of Mother Nature! Of the teachers and guardians who spend their lives in looking after them?

That is equally ridiculous.

But victims surely of a system.

(*To be continued.*)

"Get on with the War"

By Austin Harrison

When Mr. Stanton, M.P., interrupted Mr. Asquith during the debate—which either should have been responsible or else ought never to have taken place—on the case of General Maurice with the catch phrase, "Get on with the war," he not only got the laugh, as they say, but he reflected the eighty per cent. opinion of the country, which incidentally is the reason, of course, why the Government of England is under the sway of the most popular newspapers whose business it is to provide and anticipate the cries and sentiments of the hour. The remark virtually "unseated" the House. Mr. Stanton hit the bull's-eye, so that words ceased to possess their meaning after his delivery, and the Prime Minister, following, easily directed operations from the touchstone of that sanction of which, as he well knew, the machinery of control had accredited him as the picture post-card personification. To the eighty per cent., the phrase said all that was deemed necessary. In reality, it once more emphasised what Mr. H. G. Wells has curiously called the "delegate theory" of democracy or the "unleaderly irresponsibility" of democracy's politicians.

A democracy worships catchwords. In time of war they become, as they form, the very mind of the people, and that because the level has to be adapted to the majority as the pace of a fleet or convoy has to be adapted to the slowest boat. Lord Haldane has admitted this in his classic confession in 1915 that he could not make more preparations for war than the public insisted upon; which, of course, implies that our so-called leaders are, in reality, controlled by the pace or process of enlightenment of the people, that mind being necessarily quantitative, not qualitative. Here we have at once a root question of Government and the diagnosis of the difficulties of democracy in war. The level is the bulk or the lowest. It is quantity which defines and directs, not quality, and as the values are democratic or popular so inevitably the controlling machinery is democratic or popular and thus it is the popular Press that in the last instance

governs because that Press alone represents the majority which is the daily sanction of authority. Hence the idolism of phrases, the success of the phrase-spinner. We enrolled our early Army under the cognisance of a "grand international football match." We had to proceed by the education of headline. Liberty, justice, nationality, democracy, freedom—these at once became our watchwords, though the real issue was power. Always the appeal has been to the multitude. Always it is the mob which has been addressed, because it is from the mob that governing power is derived.

The man who takes the trouble to compare the tone and language of the Press and public men to-day with that of 1914 will not fail to notice its marked deterioration in quality. Slang is not only the medium of political expression, it is the interpretation of the national thought. Ministers now talk in cockneyisms. Thus Lord Rhondda referred to "my old woman" when he wished to impress the public, meaning, as a Labour journalist explained, presumably his wife. Limehouse has superseded Burke. Our Prime Minister, ignoring his democratic battle-cries, has summed up our war-aims as the "knock-out," and so bewildering has this cockneyfied definition become that a distinguished man recently wrote in the *Times* a learned disquisition on its meaning, explaining that it was not a military term, as if under the apprehension that the "upper classes" did not properly understand its significance. And that is, of course, why the newspapers with the largest circulation control the situation. They can always bring about a deflection or diversion. They alone can stereotype men and things. In a word, the platform can invariably do with a headline what Mr. Stanton did with his phrase in Parliament—because the pace or mind is that of the majority.

Whatever the merits and limits of democracy, the truer it grows in expression, the more it seems to work out at the value deprecated by Lord Haldane, and to culminate in this paradox: the truer the democracy the greater the power of the governing or popular few, and the greater the power of the few the more irresponsible the leadership. But in reality it is no paradox, for the root-value is quality. On a ship quality, or the captain, governs, but in a democracy quality becomes eliminated the greater the appeal to quantity. And the greater the appeal to quantity the fewer necessarily are its controllers, for such is the law of mob psychology.

Theoretically, this equation should rate with that of the captain of a ship with his perfect command working down through a system of control, the governing principle of which is responsibility. Practically it is the reverse, and must be so. The captain has risen to his position by virtue of quality; in a democracy the qualification of control is quantitative. It is not the learned, the wise, the impersonally efficient men who become the idols of democracy; it is obviously the ambitious, the opportunist, the demagogue. And that because success in a democracy is conditioned by popular qualifications—thus the actor type, the mob-orator; in short, success—a very different thing from the specific and tried qualifications of a sea captain.

For a similar reason the power of the governing oligarchy in a democracy tends to become more and more irresponsible. First, because the danger of success is excess; secondly, because, basically, the condition of power is the exact equation of consent. The few can only act by consent, which consent is governed by popularity. So long as it lasts the few can be the greatest autocrats in the world, yet only while the condition of popularity endures. The moment the nexus cracks the controlling power weakens. That is why the oligarchy have perforce to think, first and foremost, of the condition of their power, and only secondarily of the purpose for which they have been placed in power. Hence opportunism becomes their inevitable value in contradistinction to the impersonal responsibility, say, of a sea captain. As opportunists, they have to study the mentality they control rather than the governance they are appointed to control. The tactics of office become their shrine and often become their hallucination. Always the vane of the potentially fickle mob rivets their attention. They are medicine-men with their thumbs on the pulse of the populace, and unless they are very careful they etiolate into quacks. Their power is essentially derivative, not directive. They do not lead, they represent. They cannot, therefore, think, because their faculty of thought is conditioned by exterior or quantitative considerations. In a word, they rule by process of auto-suggestion or recreation, which is the definition of journalism.

When this country was in danger of losing the war through misjudgment of the shells needed, the incen-

tive of change had to come by shock—not from the Government, but through the most popular newspaper. Atmosphere had to be made, and so, to obtain the required consent, the eighty per cent. had to be shaken out of its customary acceptance and mobilised for the new thought. Fortunately, the platform just managed it, though the supposed thinking part of the community burnt the oracle in protest. The precedent was established, and so it has been ever since the war began. The Ministers themselves are really the marionettes of public opinion, which in turn they manage to control pretty effectively through the Press. Without that sanction or co-operation they could not maintain themselves—they would be "found out"; but in collusion the needful atmosphere—of idolism and sanction—is created. The power of the one is dependent on and complementary of the other. Together they represent what is called opinion and, through opinion, government, and that is why Parliament has lost its power of control or government, because the root sanction is to-day outside. If, for example, the Government and the Press stand in active partnership, Parliament automatically ceases to interest the public, as we saw the other day in the case of General Maurice. But had the controlling Press differed from the Government, without a doubt the Ministry would have fallen. It did not because Parliament is no longer the forum of the people, that platform having shifted to the Press.

The House of Commons to-day only becomes a live force when the central string (the Press) which controls the marionettes of office is either so divided among itself that it constitutes a negation, or is preponderantly in opposition to the Government, as was the condition which brought about the fall of Mr. Asquith. In great part this loss of Parliamentary power is self-imposed. It has come about gradually through Front Bench domination, thus eliminating independence, but chiefly because as "Limehouse" has grown to be the popular currency, so the Front Bench has stepped into the limelight. Only sensational speeches are reported in the Press. Only popular platform speakers obtain newspaper notice. The bulk of the House is quite unknown to the public, and what any Member says who is not on the Front Bench remains virtually ignored. Of the triangle of political power the base, which should be Parliament, is to-day neither the support nor the condition. It only resumes that function

when one or the other of its sides collapses; though here again this condition would no doubt be modified, and even rectified, in the event of a clash of strong personality—which, at any rate in the present House, is not present. The Mother of Parliaments is actually the Uriah Heep of democratic politics. A Minister reserves his crescendo effort for the public [recently Ministers have utilised the Aldwych Club* for this purpose]. In the House the Government rule by mechanism. When things look critical, they use Parliament to speak to the mob.

And Parliament, chafing under its impotence, takes refuge in a ceaseless bombardment of questions, which not only does it never insist upon having answered, but rarely even expects to be answered. It, too, is largely a tied House—of placemen. The Whips control the Parties, the Government controls the Whips—both are "at the disposition" of the controlling newspapers, who through their own energy and cleverness have unquestionably become the mirror and energiser of opinion in a way that Westminster cannot aspire to. Cromwell may stand outside, but Uriah smirks within the historic walls of government, and very gratified he is at any condescension Ministers may show to him. Outside, no man cares. Only the "big" day counts; it is the Lobby which interests the Press; independence is dubbed "sniping." The Prime Minister taps the box and talks about "cocoa slops"—he was very glad not so long ago to have his head in that pail—and the House "roars": like a sucking dove. What else can it do? Who can stand up in those precincts to "Jimmy Wilde"? Westminster for the duration is a "closed season." Its business is to vote credits, not to criticise; to stand by the spokesman of democracy, not to think independently; to swallow, not to hiccough; to—well, as Mr. Stanton put it, to "get on with the war," which really means "shut up."

As before said, a great personality, a fighting man like Disraeli or Palmerston or the Prime Minister himself, might break the spell of servitude and captivity in which the longest Rump on record seems doomed to do and die; but the fact remains—and it is the problem of the day—that Parliament is only, as it were, the *tertium quid* of constitutional power, and can only regain resilience through exterior lapse or dissolution. If the Press were to become independent again,

* This is the Mess-Advertisers' Club, which ought to be strictly non-political.

and in the deliration of the hour were to break the spell of sacrosanctity, then retroactively Parliament would reconsolidate its position, because the central string would snap and Ministers would once more be thrown back upon Parliament. For the Press is to-day Demos, and if the expression failed the oligarchy would lose their band. The band made and smashed Lord Kitchener. It removes admirals and generals at the call of oboe. It fluted the Prime Minister into office. Its bassoons clearly inform us that Prime Minister he is to be. There is not to be a question, the fiddles shriek to us, or—well, as Mr. Stanton put it, "get on with the war."

It is an order. Its motive and definition are quantitative; obviously, for it precludes specialism or quality. Mr. Stanton was most truly right when he told us to "get on with the war," but vociferation after four years of the greatest war in history is not enough. Of vocal efforts we have had a surfeit. The mere iteration of catchwords does not conduce to the scientific spirit that is so necessary; moreover, the claim of finality, whether as to Ministers or anything else, is contrary to the whole principle of responsibility, which alone should determine all holders of office in war, all commands, and all direction. The phrase savours unpleasantly of "indispensability," or the very thing set up on behalf of Mr. Asquith. But its worst feature is that it shuts out judgment, discrimination, knowledge, imagination, *creation*. If nothing is to change in the governance of a war that may be indefinite, then clearly something is wrong; for nothing in this world is final, and the mere presumption of such a claim is both unscientific and undemocratic. Everybody wants to get on with the war, because everyone not in a madhouse longs to end it. The question brings us right up against the eighty per cent. attitude and the national question of its control.

In other words, the band. It is a democratic condition, and as such it is the legitimate expression. None the less, this time it is the question of the "infallibility" of its orchestra, seeing that its appeal is on the "popular concert" level, where, though the music may be good, we do not expect to hear the notes of the nightingale or the pure chords of inspiration. That is one matter for reflection, another is the baton. If the conductor is incapable of a mistake, then give

me an ocarina and I will try to join in the fugue; but is any human conductor infallible? Yet that is the supposition. Again, what is the qualification? Indisputably it is quantitative, not qualitative. It is the commercial success gained in peace which has given the band this authority; it is not the result of years of studious thought and preparation, such, for instance, as the German General Staff has had with its sole preoccupation—war; so that its present pedestal is accidental, as that of the Prime Minister's is accidental. He is Prime Minister by virtue of his forensic skill, not on account of any intrinsic qualification for direction in war. And that really is the point—one that Mr. Stanton apparently has overlooked. Even the measure of success is success, in which valuation democracy hardly seems true to its own value. More, there is the question of control. The latitude allowed by the controlling oligarchy in the necessary conditions of quantity tends to decrease with the falling incidence of that consent, by the law of self-preservation. A point may be reached when the control therefore ceases to be democratic and becomes autocratic, and such is the implication. Follow that curve, and we get this time to a real paradox—the paradox of democracy ruled by an autocracy in the interests of its own negation. Which is to say that democracy no longer trusts itself. Which is to say that in this war we are not fighting for democracy.

What, then, are we fighting for? The band plays, "Get on with the war." Wholeheartedly I agree. I say "Get on with the war." I claim to have done my best to make Governments see how to get on with the war—with this difference, that recognising democracy's inability to wage war on the old quantitative method—by the employment, that is, of all the old limelight figures and devices simply because they wore the heads and fine feathers of the halcyon days of peace I have consistently sought to promote the qualitative way, or the utilisation of brains and responsibility, without which we cannot hope to obtain the automatic results of efficiency. That is where I dissent from Mr. Stanton's cry for more censorship. I think democracy wants less censorship, and the less the better, the reason being that the eighty per cent., in their capacity of quantitativeness, are naturally their own censor. A herd follows the leader, it does not think individually. Its movement is collective and sequacious, as its instinct is gregarious. But if the leaders only move with the mass, then

obviously the pace or level is the lowest, and that is a condition adverse to the scientific conduct of war, fatal to constructive statesmanship, and a bar to all responsibility. It is our position.

The real question is the nature of the " throw up " in the controlling conditions of quantity, which obviously, owing to the currents and cross-currents in the healthy democratic community is the converse to that obtaining in peace, and is thus essentially undemocratic. It is our master difficulty. For the test again is quantity or popularity, which means that sheer efficiency can only accidentally be the qualification. If the sanction is popularity, obviously the office-holders must be popular. Now popularity has nothing to do with specific qualification. Where the top is gilt, the base is not likely to be of gold. In the conditions prevailing opportunity falls automatically to the quantitative men—to the fine talkers, the career-ists, the " voltiginous " elements of society who in normal times are relegated to their own strata, and especially does this apply to the skilled intriguer. The qualitative men are usually unable to court the fancy. They are even in the way, because the thing aimed at is not the probation of quality, but the singleness of that quantity which forms the sanction. The more difficult things are, the greater the contraction, and, as a consequence, the wider the ramifications of the controlling level. Thus we find Ministries behind Ministries, drawing-room behind drawing-room, caves and combinations which move with the action of a glacier, always throwing up the more quantitative elements who rule by virtue of their own contraction. In this process responsibility inevitably becomes expediency. In the place of impersonal government we get interest.

If getting on with the war means blind (therefore stupid) obedience to the decree of quantity, we are the losers in quality. It is an important distinction, for we are fighting quality. If the oligarchy which directs us is itself composed of quantitative or popular values instead of qualitative or responsible values, the brain or the head is necessarily subordinated to the understanding, or want of understanding, of the tribunal from which it derives its sanction; and in such case it is the tail which wags the dog. That may be the sublimate essence of democracy, but it cannot be regarded as the

best way to get on with the war. It is the way of idols, catch-words, fetishes, placemen, title-seekers, and ambitious mediocrity—which is not the road to achievement. It is to place position before result. If, lastly, that control under the pressure of events, which make war so different from peace, finds itself driven by the care of self-preservation to contract and seal the avenues of non-assenting or dissenting thought, which in that case implies the elimination of quality, a situation must inevitably arise in a democracy containing dangerous elements of disintegration and combustion. For as the whole contracts the head sympathetically reacts, the escape being terrorism. The alternative is the democratic swing of reaction.

What the eighty per cent. ignore is that in war events control, not words or the gestures of favourites; and that unthoughtful servility to authority may retard, and not promote, its progress. If our "masters" representative of the majority or least thoughtful section of the people are to be concreted in for the duration of the war, democracy will at least reflect itself, but it will not be reflective of its best intellects, and the results are likely to be corresponding. In war the law of the fittest is inexorable, militarily and politically. We are passing through a vast organic upheaval, perhaps a cataclysm of European civilisation. It may be objected that men therefore do not matter, but that is not so. Men matter, as always, because mind is greater than matter, and particularly in the statesmanship of war is quality of mind a need. The supreme crisis is now, this summer. When a German cries "Get on with the war," he knows that its direction lies in the best hands available, because the whole machinery of government has for decades been founded on the principle of elimination and discrimination; but with us it is an improvised machinery. It has the double disability of an improvisation driven by men who are ineradicably politicians.

For that reason responsibility, which can only be assured with us by attitude, is the one indispensable safeguard. Now we cannot have responsibility in a democracy unless we have independent values or the balancing equipoise of freedom of, at any rate, one side of the governing triangle, which clearly, in the default of Parliament, must be the Press, for our control is not the product of a system designed to wage war, but is the accident of a series of accidents, so to speak,

in the evolution of democratic emancipation. Thus the game of Ministerial "musical chairs." Thus we see *Britannia*, the Women's Suffrage organ, calling for the head of General Robertson, and lo! the Chief of the Imperial Staff goes; whereas Lord Lansdowne, who at least must be admitted to know what he is talking about, is shouted down as an imbecile, and so on. Values are purely opportunist, and so we have the remarkable spectacle of General Smuts interpreting the war policy of the Prime Minister, who was the loudest in denouncing the war which the Boer leader a few years ago was waging to the knife against us under the cry of the "little peoples." This is at once the wonder and justification of democracy, but in war it is also its foremost difficulty. It would not matter so long as we also had quality or intellectual co-stimulance, which is becoming less and less the case. Therein I foresee a grave danger. Mr. Stanton's cry really implies the refusal of intellect. It means the reign of quantity, or government by second class. Now quality is the outstanding need of the hour, nor, without it, can we obtain the necessary spiritual or moral enthusiasm, or the balance of common sense. Men will stand much tyranny from the highest, they are not likely to stand much of it from the lowest, value. Yet that is the direction towards which the oligarchy, in the stress of self-preservation, are trending, trusting perhaps to the fortuity of momentum. It is a phase or variant of irresponsibility which no catchword can long conceal—at least men have heard enough in one war of the miracle of the "steam-roller."

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE ECLIPSE OF RUSSIA. BY E. J. DILLON. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 16*s.* net.

No man who desires to understand Russia and Tsarist policy should miss this book written by one of the very few Englishmen writing with real authority on Russia. Dr. Dillon reveals now that he was in the direct employment of Count Witte, Russia's great statesman, and so his position as a journalist on *The Daily Telegraph* and a confidant of Witte has all these years been unique. He has been really behind the scenes. He is really saturated with the Russian attitude. He knows, and what he tells in this volume is of historic interest. The key to Russia lies in the words: "There is no ethnic unity in the Empire, nor anything more politically than a loose amalgam of conflicting nationalities and mutually conflicting classes knit together by aid of Imperial authority and the pressure of an omnipotent bureaucracy. Internal cement there was none." That is the truth; and, because we never understood that, we backed the wrong horse and lost Russian military support. We backed the Cadets who never had any real hold as an organised force. We backed the Tsar who was in the hands of a Satyr-monk. We backed Kerensky who was a mere talker. We then wanted to back the Cossacks, forgetting that the Cossacks have been hated by Russians for decades. The story of the beginning of the turn of the tide—when the Army ceased to be professional, leading to the abortive rising in 1905, thence to the reaction under Stolypin and the Inquisitor Pobiedonostseff, finally to the terrorism of Azeff, the police spy agent and Rasputin who dominated the Court—all this Dr. Dillon unfolds and explains with brilliant lucidity. In "The Realms of Secret Diplomacy" the book is invaluable. He reveals the hypocrisy underlying the famous Peace Conference at the Hague and its true military motive. He shows us the servility of the French who never ceased to extol the Tsar for their own politico-military reasons, whereas in truth Nicholas II. was utterly unscrupulous, ignorant, insincere, weak, cunning, and untrustworthy, as these pages show again and again. If this book does not enlighten men as to the evils of secret diplomacy and the causes of war, then men cannot be helped. Indeed, this work is a terrible indictment of the whole European system. It portrays the real Russia held together by a corrupt bureaucracy, ignorance, and superstition, literally by virtue of the lash and corrupt tyranny. Yet it was Imperialist Russia that France gave her money to. It was we and the French who, in 1906, gave a loan to the Tsar to crush the rebel Russia of 1905; it was we who enabled the Tsar, with his Azeff and Rasputin, to kill the Liberals of 1905, to send thousands to prison and Siberia—in the name of Democracy. And we have paid the penalty. That money was the cause of the Russian defection last year and is the reason why the Bolshevists refuse to honour the great French debt. When Dr. Dillon comes to the Bolshevists, he ceases to be authoritative. He clearly is out of his depth and attempts no analysis. His era stops with Witte. One extraordinary question emerges out of these pages. How is it we never sought Dr. Dillon's advice? The answer to that is the answer to all our troubles. We never use men

who know. In our commercial state all the values are commercial, that is the reason. Lord Milner went to Russia and was hoodwinked, just as he was hoodwinked in South Africa. Ignorance pays the price, and this book is an historical part of the writing on the wall of history.

FICTION

FIRST THE BLADE. By CLEMENCE DANE. Heinemann. 6*s*.

If this novel does not reach the richness of her first book, it unmistakably confirms that early promise, with a technique which fascinates. Here there is no moral. The writer has no cause to condemn, or wrong to put right; it is a book of life, the story of a girl and a man, and its merit lies intrinsically in the treatment, rather than in the old-fashioned tale of situation. Clearly the author is young. Her man is just the kind of virile stodge that girls picture to themselves, but he is thoroughly understood, so that the more his own uninterestingness is revealed, the more interesting he becomes—which means that the author is a markedly clever weaver. The girl is no doubt a type, that type of hungry girl that we heard so much about before the war and has since found expression in sundry war work, and the whole atmosphere is insularly English. There is a certain chattiness of exposition which is inclined to be tiresome, a sort of virginal setting, so to speak. But the thing holds and moves and has colour and tone. Both figures are alive. Undeniable power gives the book buoyancy and charm. Clemence Dane may be still somewhat of an *ingénue*, but that she has a future it would seem safe to predict.

THE PRETTY LADY. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell and Co. 6*s*. net.

Before the war this novel would in all probability have got Mr. Bennett censored, but to-day—well, we have heard a few things since Sir J. Simon told us one Englishman equalled four conscripts, and so Mr. Bennett has let fly. It is curiously good stuff, quite impossible to stop reading if once begun—in short, it almost rivals *The Card*. Those who know the modern French school will easily see whence the inspiration comes. The form admirably suits the writer with his European mind and trained analytical perceptions tactfully adapted to insular susceptibilities. His "whore" heroine is a lady—his ladies are of the whore type. Yet no man need be afraid. There are no undressing scenes, no descriptions of flesh, no voluptuous moments. That is not Mr. Bennett's way. He is icy cold, bisexually subtle, intellectually satirical. Human nature is his clay, and Mr. Bennett's technique is masterly. If it cannot be pronounced a great book, it is a very suggestive war-book which is art, because essentially criticism of life. The society women of the Tango-Ritz type of 1914 are mercilessly portrayed and dissected, for Mr. Bennett knows the world. It is a feat to write a novel about a whore without sentiment or sensuality. A great card, Mr. Bennett.

POETRY

THE LADY ALCUIN AND OTHER POEMS. By H. I'A. FAUSSET. Cambridge: W. Heffer. 1918. 4*s*. net.

This little volume, with its Cambridge imprimatur, comes as a strange reminder of the days when youth would be about happier

business than that of killing. Youth confessed, not to say arrogant, is indeed the note of the book. Mr. Fausset calls it in his Preface a preparation for the verse which he "hopes to write in the future"; and as that one may extend to it a sufficiently hearty welcome. For the rest, the writer proves himself already possessed of a gift of musical and graceful song. His art is still, naturally, the child of his reading; the narrative poem that gives its name to the collection hardly needed lines such as

"The rushes rise upon the floor"

to confess an obvious debt to Keats. We shall therefore make no present attempt to place Mr. Fausset, but content ourselves with laying his book upon the shelf of waiting, in the hope that future events may give it an interest greater than that of curiosity.

WAR

THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL AT THE FRENCH ABBEY OF ROYAUMONT. By ANTONIO DE NAVARRO. George Allen and Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

The splendid record of the Scottish Women's Hospital in this war is already well known, and Count Antonio de Navarro in this interesting book speaks most highly of their work in France and of how they worked to convert the famous Abbey of Royaumont into a habitable hospital of 400 beds at the beginning of the war. This abandoned abbey, built by Louis IX. in 1228, has had a tempestuous history, and the first portion of this book is very fully descriptive of its fortunes and misfortunes. The second portion is the only complete record of the hospital achievement—a record every woman should read. The whole book is written with charm and dignity, and it is extremely well illustrated.

WOMEN AND SOLDIERS. By MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE. John Lane. 2*s.* 6*d.*

In this work, *Women and Soldiers,* Mrs. Tweedie warns us that even Brass-hats must look for a knock or two; howbeit, her weapon is not the bludgeon, but the rapier, pointed with humour and sly laughter. Beyond question the official refusal of women's collaboration in effort was one of the capital blunders of the war's earlier stages. The author herself, it will be noted, made valiant assaults upon the citadel of convention, only to be baulked again and again. Sir Rufus Tape would have none of women: he now clasps them, with relieving sighs, to his bosom. Nevertheless—Mrs. Tweedie is rightly strong on this point—for the efficient and equal performance of a man's job he still refuses them equal pay. This scandal must be abolished by a nation that values its character for sportsmanship and fairplay. A dozen other crying needs of the time, from conscription to the taxing of luxuries—vigorously advocated by the author through the last three years—have found fulfilment with painful slowness. She calls both for all-round Martial Law and the formation of a Women's Fighting Battalion.

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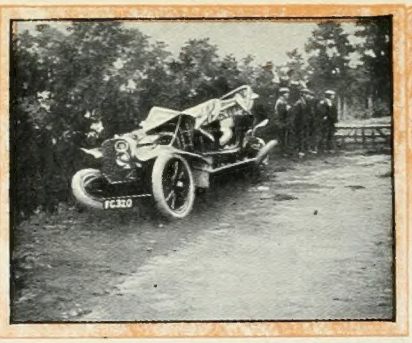

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